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WONDERFUL TALE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY

STRONG MEN IN ADVERSITY

MACLAREN'S STORY OF HIS FLIGHT

How a British Crew Flew Nearly Round the World

TAKING WINGS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLE

Squadron-Leader MacLaren has told the story of the world flight which ended in the fog and the waves off Kamchatka, and it is one of strong men battling with misfortune.

Here is the situation according to the log of the last day of the aeroplane that had got two-thirds of the way round the world. The fog bore down on them when they were fifty miles short of their next stopping-place, so that they had to drop to a few feet above the sea they were crossing. A black islet loomed up suddenly in the fog; they swerved only just in time to save themselves from crashing into the cliffs. They dare go no nearer land; they would descend on the sea, rough as it was. But as Plenderleith, the flying officer, brought the machine down, a wave caught the wing-tip float, smashed it, and drove the wing under water.

The End of the Flight

It was the end. The wings broke up. The airmen might be saved, but the flight had failed. Perhaps for the moment their chief thought was safety. It was far from certain; MacLaren and the mechanic had to run up and down the planes to keep them horizontal while Plenderleith kept the machine just on the move. The wind was getting up. Three hours of this went by before they saw the coast, which they were lucky not to miss. They got ashore in icy cold surf, and anchored their machine.

What a bitter moment that must have been. They had often been in peril before. They had as often scraped out of it and gone on. But now they could go on no more. "I'm not ashamed to say," said MacLaren, "that I wept bitterly." It is the confession of a brave man.

Bad Weather

If the story of the voyage is followed closely the wonder is that the airmen should ever have got so far as that desolate haven of Nikolski. Fog dogged them from the beginning. As they started from Calshot it was waiting for them; and plunging through it they nearly hit the cliffs at Havre.

Across France and Italy the weather was merely bad; over the Apennines they had to grope in low clouds and the almost pitchy blackness of falling rain. At Corfu, when they had just crossed the Adriatic from Brindisi, the engine struck; they had to land in a lake. Then there was a blessed interruption to misfortune lasting till Bagdad had been left behind and Karachi was to be the next stopping place. Instead, the stop was made in the desert of Sind. There

A New Coat for the Megalosaurus



The great iron model of the megalosaurus at the Crystal Palace receiving a new coat of paint to smarten it up for the winter. These giant reptiles used to roam about England in the days before man came on the Earth

were 17 days to wait for a new machine.

On again to Calcutta and Akyab. Here the monsoon was waiting for them, and soaked them in torrents of rain. That was not all. The soaking, added to the trouble in the desert, broke the machine's heart. It celebrated Empire Day by taking a header into the sea beyond Akyab. They got it back, but the old bus's career was over. They had to wait for a spare one. It is one of the few encouraging things about their unfortunate voyage that the American Navy, who had fliers of their own in the air, brought to the British fliers the spare machine from Tokio.

They readjusted this new one, lightening her load, and then set off again, with bad weather, to Rangoon, with a forced descent between Rangoon and Bangkok. Clouds were so thick above the mountain range between Siam and Indo-China that they thought themselves lucky to find a hole in them and sight a landing. They were about to land in a pleasant green patch in the jungle when the green patch turned out to be a swamp. So up they went to the clouds again. When they did get down on the

right side of the mountains the three fliers solemnly shook hands on it.

After Tokio, fog again; fog in the Kurile Islands, fog yesterday, fog today, fog tomorrow right on to Kamchatka. Fog was their companion, never their friend; and at last it did its worst work at the end of the journey.

In future years, when the journey is made again (and made successfully, as it will be,) MacLaren's venture will be remembered as one of strong men struggling against adversity.

THE BISON AT HOME

The Bolsheviks Set Him Free

The Russian Bolsheviks are not often accused of good deeds, so we must credit them with any that they do. One thing they have just done is to set aside 200,000 acres in the Caucasus for the protection of the European bison.

This great beast, like his brother of the United States, has been hunted almost to extinction, for his meat and hide are valuable. Now, when it is all but too late, he is to roam his native hills in peace, hunted no more.

A GOOD DEED EVERY NIGHT

THE BIRD AND THE CAT

A Jolly Thing that Happens in a South African Zoo

HORNBILL SHARES ITS SUPPER

A bird in Johannesburg has joined the Scouts and Guides; he does a kind deed every night.

He is a Cape ground-hornbill, and dwells in the Johannesburg Zoo. Like the rest of his kind, he lives in a cage.

All the animals of this South African Zoo are carefully locked up in their sleeping quarters at night. During the dark hours the wild cats come in from the outskirts, from their homes in the woods, and clear up the scraps of food that are left. They get into all the enclosures—even into the lions' dens. But they cannot get into the bird cages, which is perhaps just as well.

The Wild Cat Comes

It happened that one night Mr. J. Dundas, the curator of the Zoo, saw a pair of gleaming eyes outside the hornbill's cage. They belonged to a large wild grey cat. Mr. Dundas made quite sure that the visitor could not enter the cage, and left her there.

The next night she was at her station again, and the next night. Mr. Dundas began to be a little curious. He hid discreetly behind a bush, and watched.

Presently the hornbill walked out of his bedroom and came to the bars of the cage. He put his large beak as far through the netting as he could. Mrs. Wild Cat came very gingerly, all eyes, snatched at the beak, backed hastily, sat down, and appeared to be eating.

The bird then retreated into his bedroom and after a few seconds reappeared and advanced to the bars of the cage. The same action was repeated. Mr. Dundas waited until, for the third time, the hornbill was pushing through the wire. Then he rushed forward and made a frightening noise.

An Interrupted Meal

Mrs. Wild Cat disappeared, a grey flash. Mr. Hornbill ruffled up every one of his feathers and pecked at the cage because he could not peck Mr. Dundas. He was saying in hornbill language, "This is what I call a low trick!"

The curator took no notice of Mr. Hornbill's wrath. He was looking for something on the floor outside the cage, and presently he found it. It was a small piece of raw meat that had dropped from the hornbill's beak when Mr. Dundas so rudely interrupted his kind deed.

The next night the curator watched again, and the next. He discovered that, night after night, the hornbill saved some of his supper, hid it in his bedroom, and gave it, bit by bit, to the wild grey cat.

The C.N. sends its compliments to the Johannesburg hornbill, and thanks it for one of the prettiest stories it has heard for a long time.

THE UNKNOWN LADY

A GREAT STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL THING

How a Holbein Picture was Saved for the Nation

SECRET THAT WILL BE KEPT

A wonderful story has just been told about a great picture, the portrait of the Duchess of Milan by Holbein. This picture, now one of the glories of the National Gallery, belonged to the late Duke of Norfolk.

About fifteen years ago a rumour was heard that the Duke was needing money for an important and charitable purpose of his own, and the "Duchess of Milan" was to be put on the market. All the great art dealers of Europe and America, men who are accustomed to trafficking in hundreds of thousands of pounds, pricked up their ears and listened hard.

Seeking for £60,000

Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi were asked by the Duke to sell the picture for him, and he said that he was quite willing to give an option of one month to the Trustees of the National Gallery. This happened about the beginning of May in 1909.

Sir Charles Holroyd, Director of the National Gallery, set to work. If he could secure the Duchess of Milan for the nation he would not have lived in vain. No one knows the pressure that was brought to bear, the letters and telegrams that flew about, the interviews that took place.

The Duke of Norfolk wanted £72,000 for his picture. He knew he could get it easily in America.

The Treasury gave ten thousand pounds, Messrs. Colnaghi £2000. That meant that the National Arts Collection Fund had to find sixty thousand pounds.

An Amazing Telegram

The month of May slipped by. The utmost had been done that could be done, and still Sir Charles Holroyd wanted another forty thousand pounds before he could say, "This great treasure is ours."

Hope was falling away. The men who love beautiful things and want them for England steeled themselves against hearing of the easy offer from another country, of the "Duchess of Milan" going away.

At the end of the month a letter came from a lady staying at a German spa asking how much money was wanted. No one knew anything about her. A telegram was sent, "Forty thousand pounds wanted!" A telegram came in reply: "I will pay."

Breathless, amazed, the man who received the telegram went to the lady's bank, and asked if this offer would be credited. "Oh, yes," said the manager smiling.

Success at Last

The happiest man in London then went off to the agents, Messrs. Colnaghi, to say that he could buy the picture. They sat and stared. He went and told Sir Charles Holroyd. He dropped his face in his hands and burst into tears.

So the "Duchess of Milan" came home for ever to the National Gallery. The lady who gave us this treasure (she has lately passed away) desired from the first that her name should for ever remain unknown; and it is never to be revealed. As an "Unknown donor" she has the heart-felt gratitude of all our people. Her secret will be kept, but her beautiful spirit has enriched us all.

TAXING VISITORS TO MOSCOW

Because of the crowded conditions in Moscow, the Soviet Government has decided that visitors must pay a tax of £10 to stay a month there, and £30 to stay permanently.

DRAMATIC SACRIFICE OF MR. GANDHI

AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL INDIA

Willing to Die to Save Two Races from Quarrelling

REMARKABLE SITUATION

At the time these words are written the eyes of all India are on Mr. Gandhi; by the time these words appear Mr. Gandhi may have sacrificed himself for India, or may have been persuaded to abandon his dramatic resolve.

Once again in India Mr. Gandhi has confounded those who have denounced him as an intriguer or a fanatic. A fanatic he certainly always has been, but his latest act shows him as the kind of fanatic willing to give his life for an ideal. And that ideal is nothing less than peace in India.

It has often been idly said that East and West can never meet, but Gandhi, dooming himself to a penance of fasting, grasped the meaning of those words of Edith Cavell: *Patriotism is not enough: I must have no hatred or bitterness in my heart against anyone.*

The Greatest of These

Nearly all his life Gandhi has been a political agitator, but he came to realise that more important than political self-government for India is love among her people. In an India torn by a religious strife between Hindu and Moslem, a strife so bitter and cruel that the Western mind can hardly grasp its intensity, Gandhi stepped forward at last, willing to give up not only his political position but his very life, if only India would seek peace and ensue it.

There have been riots at Lucknow and Kohat in which blood has been shed. It is of no use to reason with the rioters, Gandhi knows that; and he dared to turn the eyes of all India upon himself by declaring that he would fast, even though he died, as a penance for these crimes of his countrymen and as a prayer to Hindu and to Moslem to live henceforth in peace.

The Excitement of India

To a Western mind such an attitude may seem futile or unworthy. But the mind of the East sees more than we see in this threat of Gandhi. It looks through the act to its meaning.

It sees at once that this is the cry from the heart of no common man, no mere religious fakir, but of one of its own great ones whom India will be sacrificing if it refuses to heed him. So the East, which many times has ignored the threat of force, turned with immediate concern to Gandhi's peril. On the third day of the fast two leaders of every political party, including Mr. Das, with whom Mr. Gandhi had striven for the control of the policy of the India-for-the-Indians party, hurried to Delhi in the hope of inducing him to abandon this sacrifice. If he persisted the fast could but end in his death; and with his death a rudderless India would drift farther on the rocks of the strife which he had tried to avert.

The Core of the Problem

Let no one imagine that Gandhi, in setting himself this fast, had any other motive than that which his words declared when he said he hoped his fast would be an effective prayer to both Hindus and Moslems to keep the peace.

I respectfully invite all communities, including Englishmen, to meet and end this quarrel which disgraces humanity. It seems as if God has been dethroned. Let us reinstate Him in our hearts.

Gandhi has realised the core of the problem in India, which is that the political extremists have stirred up religious strife in the hope that in the chaos which must follow if their own ends can be achieved. In that way there can be no peace, and he has been willing to die to show it.

TALKING COCKATOO

Bird which Spoke from a Tree

ENGLISH AND ITALIAN

We take this very interesting story from a letter in The Times, to which paper it was sent by Mr. Harold Spender.

I possess a cockatoo who talked so much in London that it has now been removed to a military centre, where its language is better understood.

The bird talked English, and talked it quite accurately up to a certain point. It would carry on a real conversation; it had an embarrassing habit of saying Good-bye in a marked and significant tone of voice to any visitors of mine it did not love. But it fully knew the meaning of a large number of words; and it called my servants by their names.

It was lost in a wood some time ago, and on being found up a tree and surrounded by a large number of would-be helpful inquirers, it replied to all their suggestions with the evasive words: "I can't hear a word you say." Undoubtedly it meant to be evasive, not to say fugitive.

I was visited once by an Italian officer, whom I introduced to my cockatoo; and he informed me that it talked fair Italian.

My own view is that all intelligent animals talk, although they are not all good linguists. But this animal was—and is.

A GOLDFISH STORY

Twelve-Year Truancy Ends in a Zoo Tank

The new Aquarium at the Zoo has provided the last chapter in a remarkable fish story which, unlike most fish stories, is true.

A gentleman having a pond in his garden on the Thames at Teddington bought rare foreign goldfish 15 to 17 inches long, known as Hai Goi. That was twelve years ago.

Then came a Thames flood which submerged the garden and the pond, and when it subsided it was found that one of the fish had disappeared. Anglers from time to time declared they had seen a gold fish the size of a carp, but they were not believed, especially as the fish never took their bait.

Then a few weeks ago such a fish was caught and taken to the Aquarium. There it was identified by its former owner. To twelve years of wisdom had succeeded one moment of folly, and that moment was fatal. For a time the monster gold fish appeared to be recovering from the hook. But it had gone too deep, and so after a few days it died.

AUTUMN'S GLORY

Many-Coloured Dahlias in the Parks

The roses are gone from our gardens, but their place has been taken by an autumn beauty, the dahlia.

First brought from Mexico to Spain in 1784 by Dahl, the pupil of the great Swedish botanist Linnaeus, the dahlia reached England five years later, and became so popular that gardeners have never ceased to experiment with crossing its varieties. By the end of the nineteenth century over 2000 distinct kinds of dahlia had been produced, and the number is still growing.

In the past two years most successful experiments have been made with dahlia borders in the London parks, and last year special borders were set out, which did so well that they were sown again this summer, and are now a centre of pilgrimage for all to whom the beauty of Nature appeals.

In a wonderful border in St. James's Park there are 400 kinds of dahlia. Large and small, single and double, white, purple, yellow, orange, flaming red, striped and plain, their beauty in the mass is dazzling to the eye; and there they will remain until frost kills them, for they are hardy and vigorous.

AN OLD LADY LEAVES THREADNEEDLE ST.

THE DESERTED BANK

Grenadiers to March Past the Famous Doors

INKSTANDS MADE INTO BULLETS

Every evening for nearly a century and a half one of the sights of London has been the march of a company of the Foot Guards through the streets of the City to the Bank of England in Threadneedle Street, to guard its golden treasure through the night.

A little knot of sightseers invariably gathers at the corner of Threadneedle Street and round the Bank entrance about seven o'clock, and never once since 1780 has the crowd been disappointed. On the very stroke of seven the Guards, in full uniform, swing into Threadneedle Street, and, at the word of command, turn sharply to the left and pass rapidly under the heavy archway into the courtyard. The moment the last man has passed the portal the great iron doors are banged to, and the crowd disperses.

Where the Mulberries Grow

Now, however, a curious change is taking place. For two years at least the Guards will no longer turn to the left when they get into Threadneedle Street, and disappear under the forbidding arch. They will pass by as though the Bank no longer existed, and, marching farther east, will turn off into Finsbury Circus, where grow the mulberry trees whose fruit every year is presented to the Lord Mayor, and will enter a fine new white stone building there.

The Bank of England—the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—is moving for a year or two from its famous building in Threadneedle Street to a temporary building in Finsbury Circus. Its old home, built by Sir John Soane, has become too small, and, while the present walls will remain, other storeys are to be added, making the Bank a tall and imposing building, with plenty of room for its vast and growing work.

Guarding the Gold

The gold will still be guarded through the night watches, and for this purpose the soldiers will take up their places every evening at Finsbury Circus.

Up to 1780 there was no military guard at the Bank, but in that year occurred the Gordon Riots, and the Government of the day sent a body of troops to protect the building and its vast treasure from the attacks of the mob, which was rioting and burning in all directions.

Prisons were being fired, and houses looted. The City Volunteers and the Bank officials took up a position of defence inside the building, and the soldiers outside. The old metal inkstands were melted down for bullets. The mob made two attacks, but they were not very effective, and when the soldiers fired the crowd dispersed. None of the rioters ever got inside.

From that time the Government continued to send a company of Guards to the Bank every evening.

Dining in the Bank

The Guards are generally the Grenadiers or the Coldstreamers, and their officer is provided with a dinner at the expense of the Bank, to which he is at liberty to invite two friends.

The soldiers have never had to take any drastic action since the Gordon Riots, though during the political tumults of 1830 provisions were made for putting the Bank in a state of siege, and on the occasion of the Chartist demonstration on April 10, 1848, the roof of the Bank was fortified by sappers and miners, and a strong garrison was placed within.

Pictures on page 7

THE SAD PROCESSION OUT OF ENGLAND

PAINFUL SCENE AT OUR PORTS

The Cruel Traffic in Worn-out Horses that Still Goes On

WANTED, A KIND-HEARTED PARLIAMENT

The question how to stop the cruel trade in worn-out horses between British ports and the Continent has never ceased to haunt the minds of people who love this loyal servant of man.

Lord Lambourne, the President of the R.S.P.C.A., thinks we shall never put a stop to cruelty to horses until we stop the export of horses for butchery. How is that to be done?

The Ministry of Agriculture thinks that all that is possible has already been done, short of forbidding all international trade in horses of any kind, which it says would be absurd. The Ministry has its inspectors at the ports, and no horse, it says, is allowed to be exported in an unfit condition.

Englishmen's Responsibility

It would be useless to say that horses are not to be exported for slaughter, because we have no means of knowing what is going to be done with them on the other side. There is nothing cruel in killing a horse, or any other animal, when its body has become of more value than its work; and as to the methods of killing, that is the business of the Government in whose territory the slaughter takes place.

To all this the R.S.P.C.A. replies that horses may be unfit for travel or for work without our knowing it; that horses no longer valuable for work are no longer commercially worth careful treatment, and are therefore not likely to get it; and that Englishmen have a responsibility to their old servants which requires them to prevent their being despatched to the horrors of the Continental slaughter-house.

A Miserable Doom

There is something repugnant to us all in the thought of this dumb procession of our faithful friends that is for ever leaving our ports; it is enough to make any Englishman uneasy to think of them leaving our country for a miserable doom in some less happy land.

To the plea that they cannot be saved without stopping all foreign trade in horses the R.S.P.C.A. replies by pointing to the Bill which has now been before Parliament for several sessions, which three former Ministers of Agriculture have supported in the House of Lords, and which the present Minister should put through as a Government measure.

This Bill, the Exportation of Horses Bill, provides that the exporter of a live horse shall pay a fee of £20 for its examination at the port unless the horse is itself worth £40 and is under six years, or is a recognised pedigree animal.

What the Bill Would Do

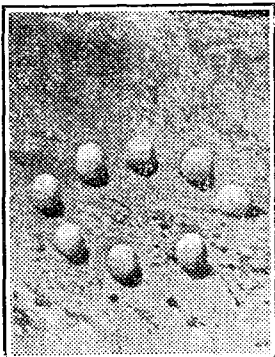
That would mean that only reasonably valuable horses could be exported alive; and that, in its turn, means two things: that these would be too valuable to be killed, and also too valuable to be ill-treated. They would not be put in stormy weather on to ships not properly prepared for them so that they fell in heaps and could not get up again. They would not be kept without food or water on the other side, and they would not be cruelly slaughtered at the end of their journey.

All these things, we are assured by eye-witnesses, happen now, and all of them would cease if the Bill were passed. The poor bodies would be just as much available for food and the other by-products, but they would cross the sea as carcasses and not as conscious beings, and we should know that they had died a merciful death.

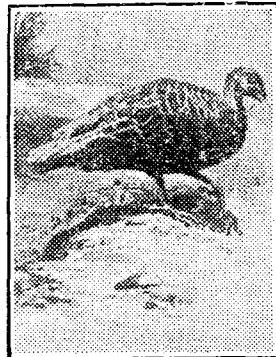
A QUEER BIRD FROM AUSTRALIA



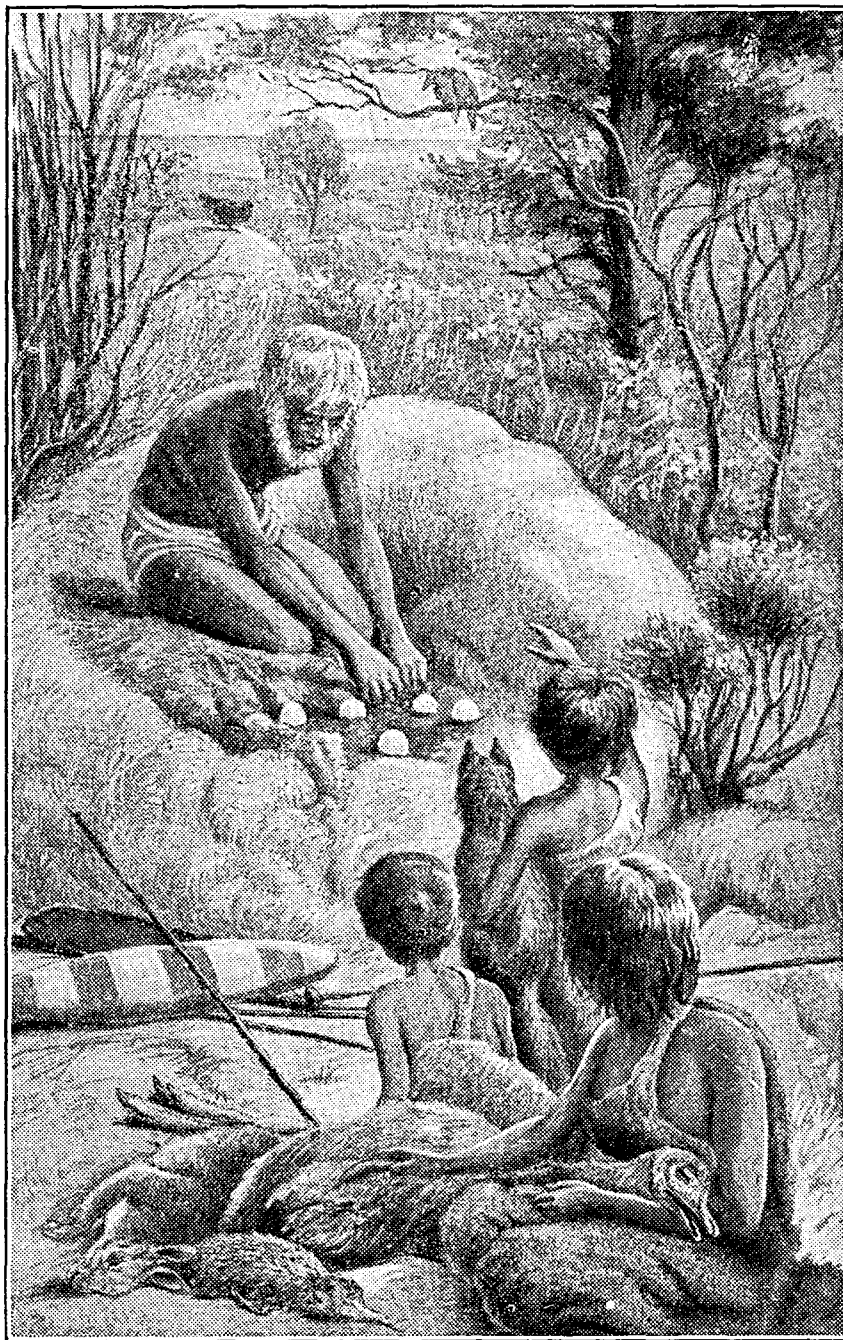
The cock bird collects rubbish to form a hot-bed



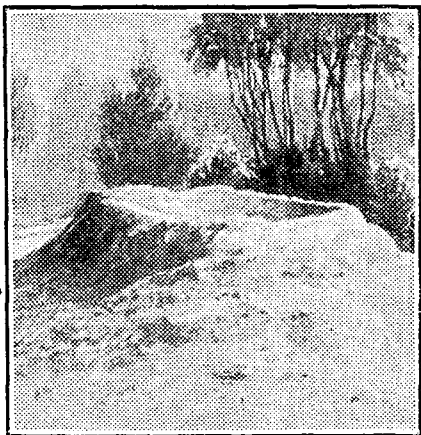
The eggs are laid in the pit, small end downward



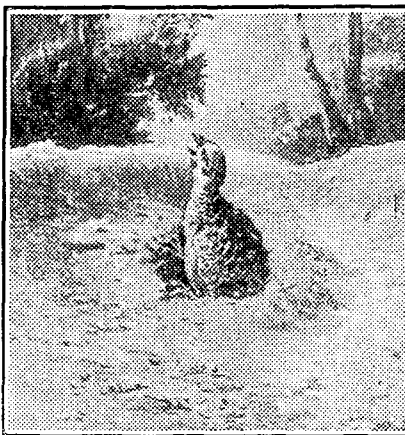
The cock bird covers the eggs with a mound of sand



An Australian native sitting in a mallee fowl's nest digging the eggs out of the sand mound



The mound containing the eggs, slightly hollowed on top to draw the sun's heat



A young chick just hatched burrowing its way out of the sand

The King has just received from the Governor of South Australia a pair of young mallee fowls bred at the famous Humbug Scrub of Mr. Belchambers, the friend of the C.N. This wonderful bird buries its eggs under sand in a hot-bed and the chickens burrow their way out when hatched, as shown in these pictures. See page 8

£10 A YEAR BUILDERS

THE HAPPY MEN OF THE CATHEDRALS

How Our Great Churches Were Set Up Long Ago

THE UNFINISHED PALACE

By Our Art Correspondent

People have been talking this year about the cost of Liverpool Cathedral.

So far, it has taken about a million pounds, and before it is finished it will probably take another million. That seems a great deal of money, but we hope it will be found; we do not want Sir Gilbert Scott to have the bad luck Inigo Jones had.

Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren were the two greatest architects England has produced. Early in the seventeenth century Inigo was asked to build Whitehall Palace. He made a design that was a work of supreme genius, and has been the amazement of architects ever since.

No More Money

He only finished the Banqueting Hall. There was no more money. It is now the United Services Museum, in Whitehall, and is among the most magnificent public halls in London. We should have been the envy of all the world had Inigo Jones been able to finish Whitehall Palace.

And then, as cathedrals go, two million pounds is not a very great price, especially for a fine building capable of holding comfortably three thousand persons, each of whom can see and hear the preacher. Salisbury Cathedral cost £26,666 when it was built in the thirteenth century, but even that was a great sum of money in those days, when a fair day's wage for a stone-mason was fivepence, and his day's food cost him not much more than a penny.

French Builders in England

A little later it is recorded that a master builder was engaged with his servant, and they were paid ten pounds a year, each being given board and lodging and a suit of clothes. And they were not only content but happy.

Our earliest cathedrals were built in a pleasanter time still, when Norman England and Norman France were like one country, only divided by the Channel. It was an ordinary thing for a French workman to take his tools, his wife and family, sail across to England, and go on working there as if he had just crossed a river.

These French workmen were near enough to the magic period of French cathedral building to talk of it. Their grandfathers and great-grandfathers had lived through it, and knew.

First Gothic Cathedrals

The first Gothic cathedrals the world ever saw were built in northern France, in towns that were just growing, by the townspeople themselves. Each town wanted a cathedral built in the soaring white lines, the heaven-flung arches of the new style. It was to the townspeople a religious passion. They prayed by the walls as they grew. There was no trouble about how much it would cost. The people gave gladly, begging to be allowed to work with their own hands on their own cathedrals.

We read that "whenever the great blocks of stone were hauled up by the cables from the quarry, the people of the district—nobles and commons alike—harnessed themselves to the ropes by arms, breasts, and shoulders, and drew the load like beasts of burden."

So wrote Abbé Suger, a great builder of the twelfth century. Eight hundred years have passed, and the world is a different place; but if we cannot drag the cathedral stones we can give a shilling for the work's sake.

LIFE ON A PENNY A DAY

A MILLION POOR PEOPLE
WHO KNOW WHAT IT IS

One of the Saddest Things in
the Trail of the War

SAVED BY THE LEAGUE

Nearly ten years ago we in England, at that time a rich and prosperous country, took into our charge many thousands of Belgian refugees. They were housed, fed, and cared for till they were able to go back to their own land.

Nearly two years ago Greece, with fewer people altogether than there are in London, was flooded with a million destitute refugees.

They came, as refugees do, fleeing from a land over-run by an enemy, needing food, clothing, shelter, everything.

The Cry for Help

The League of Nations was then sitting in Assembly at Geneva, and a telegram was received, urgently imploring help. Word was sent forth at once to Dr. Nansen, who had done so much in Eastern Europe for prisoners of war and Russian refugees, to apply to this new situation the machinery for relief that he had already set up.

The States of the League joined in sending supplies and a member of the Epidemic Commission set out to use his knowledge and experience in checking the disease that was bound to result from insanitary and unhealthy conditions.

That was the beginning. The League has continued ever since to give its support to Dr. Nansen as its High Commissioner, though unfortunately at the Assembly last year the sum of money he required was not granted, and he had to manage with much less.

Dr. Nansen's Report

At the meeting of the League Council last month Dr. Nansen reported that 660,000 of these poor refugees were still needing food and clothing. After two winters of semi-starvation, many of them insufficiently clothed, housed in half-ruined huts, with malaria in the hot weather and pneumonia in the cold, there is still a third winter to be faced.

The Greek representative, in begging the Council to urge the nations to continue their gifts, spoke of the generous help given by the Greek people themselves, by societies, and particularly by the Supreme Order of the Knights of Malta, who from days of old have succoured those in distress. He stated too, that the Greek Government had already expended £4,000,000.

Greece is neither rich nor big, and it is a huge sum to pay out for relief. Yet, if we subtract an amount for expenses other than food, and work out the remainder as a compound proportion sum—£2,500,000 spent on 1,000,000 people during, say, 600 days—we find that the result is a penny a day for each!

The One Bright Spot

There is one bright spot in this tragedy. Much of the help that has been given is really constructive. There flourishes in Greece today a little colony of these refugees where not only are many thousands settled in homes, but they have actually become self-supporting. Farming, charcoal-burning, lace-making, and other crafts are bringing them in enough money to pay their way. Greece has had to borrow money to start the colony; the settlers, by their own efforts, will in time pay it back.

The League Council appointed a committee for this settlement scheme and watches it with keen interest. It also made it possible for Greece to borrow the necessary money.

ITALY AND SWITZERLAND

No War Between Them
for Ever

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD

A great piece of news cheered the League Assembly at Geneva, while it was discussing the whole question of arbitration. Italy and Switzerland have signed a Treaty of Arbitration which they believe will make war impossible between them in the future.

They have agreed that any difference between them that they cannot settle by direct discussion shall be submitted to arbitration, and that the decision shall be accepted by both sides.

In the first place a court is to be set up consisting of one Swiss, one Italian, and three foreigners.

It is to be open to either side, if dissatisfied by the award of this tribunal, to appeal to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, and the decision of this court will be final.

No previous arbitration treaty has ever been so complete. Either it has excluded some class of dispute from its scope or the obligation to accept the decision has not been so definite.

What makes the Treaty particularly significant is that it was signed and announced to the League Assembly at Geneva in the midst of the endeavours of that body to reach an agreement for establishing universal arbitration among all the nations in the League. Italy was supposed not to be enthusiastic over the idea, though she has already 22 less complete arbitration agreements with other countries.

The Treaty was signed on the 54th anniversary of the triumph of Italian Unity.

LOST IN THE ICE PACK Fate of a British Crew

The story has been told in the C.N. of the Danish explorers on the Teddy, who, when their ship was crushed by the ice-pack, made their marvellous escape to safety on the back of an iceberg.

Not all lost explorers can expect a marvel like that, but one may hope still for the safety of another ship, the Lady Kindersley, which was seen struggling with the Polar pack on the first of September, and was then thought to have a good chance of freeing herself. She has not since reported, and the Hudson's Bay Company sent another steamer, the Baychimo, to look for her.

The searchers penetrated the pack whenever there was an opening between the floes, but after working backwards and forwards for a week, they were obliged to abandon their task because the strong westerly gales were beginning to make it dangerous to go near the ice.

But, though the search proved fruitless, there is still some hope. The Danish sailors who were missing in the Teddy were not heard of between August and December.

DR. CLIFFORD'S COTTAGE A Tablet by the Trent

In a tiny cottage in the Trent-side village of Sawley, Derbyshire, where Dr. Clifford was born in 1836, there has been placed a modest memorial tablet recording the fact that this great prophet and leader of men was born there.

As a boy, Dr. Clifford worked in a mill, beginning the day at 8 o'clock, and working long hours for a few shillings a week. He was a studious boy, and early took an interest in religious work, and by perseverance, hard work, and sheer force of character, he became the famous leader of British Nonconformity.

His noble life is a proud example to every British boy.

NEW WAY TO GET HOUSES

No Bricks or Bricklayers
Wanted

WONDERFUL MATERIAL

Parliament has been very much puzzled how to get enough bricklayers and plasterers—and bricks—to build the hundreds of thousands of new houses the country needs.

Commander Burney, M.P., now claims to have invented a new way of building houses which requires no bricklayers and no plasterers, but gets the work done more cheaply and more quickly than by the old way. If his claim is justified the whole housing problem will have been revolutionised—if not solved.

It was Commander Burney who invented the paravane, the contrivance which protected ships against submarines and mines during the latter part of the war.

He says he has found a substance little heavier than wood, but of immense strength. It is like cement, but perfectly smooth and without air bubbles, and available in every kind of colour. It can be made in large sections which have only to be bolted together on arrival at the site to make a house in a few days.

Labour-Saving Devices

Indeed, people could, if they wished, go straight into the first floor the day it was set up and live there while the other floors were being added. Labour-saving devices of every kind would be built into the structure. All that is needed is to build enough factories to turn out the required quantities of parts.

Mr. Wheatley, the Minister of Health, told the House of Commons the other day that if this system were adopted we should still want men, but instead of bricklayers and plasterers they would be men to manufacture the new materials. He also gave an account of the arrangements he had made for hastening the training of apprentices to bricklaying so as greatly to expand our resources in men in a very short time.

The immediate future of the building problem is evidently going to be exceedingly interesting.

THE SUNKEN CITY Has it Been Seen?

There is a Baltic legend, famous in German poetry—Heine himself has sung of it—of a lost city sunk by a storm or an earthquake to the bottom of the sea. Now a diver is said to have found it.

Some deep-sea fishermen had found a medieval Danish warship and actually managed to recover two primitive cannon from her sunken decks. That was interesting enough, for it is believed that the warship is 800 or 900 years old. But one of the divers asserts that he saw also the remains of immense stone walls. So the romantic are sure that this must be the lost Vineta of the poets, whose bells, fishermen say, can still be heard on a calm night.

Unhappily, the position of these immense stone walls is not what would be expected from what is known of the real Vineta.

The Danish warship was found off Arkona, on Rügen, the most northerly of the islands round the mouth of the Oder, but the historic Vineta was on Wollin, the most easterly island, 100 miles away. The legendary earthquake can hardly have carried it so far as that!

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Pair of Jacobean wine glasses	£130
A Queen Anne stool	£94
A Stuart armchair	£73
A Cromwellian table	£63
A Queen Anne bureau	£58

THE GREAT STORY OF A GREAT DOG

A Tragedy of the Rhine
WHISKY OF THE WAR

Lovers of dogs will read with sad interest of the end of a famous British war dog in Cologne. His story is well told in the Cologne Post, the newspaper published in English for our soldiers on the Rhine.

The feelings of Whisky's soldier friends are appropriately expressed in the three paragraphs that follow.

If these lines should meet the eye, or be brought to the notice, of the driver of a red motor-car which travelled at speed along the Hohenstaufen Ring on Monday evening, ran over a dog, and, instead of stopping as a humane man would have done, accelerated and disappeared from view, leaving the poor animal to its fate, he will learn that he killed the best-known dog in Cologne—Whisky, the war dog whose home was at the Sergeants' Mess.

Whisky was knocked down as he was crossing the road to board a No. 18 car to return to the Mess with the member with whom he had been for a walk. When struck by the car he gave one cry, and then, quite in accordance with his temperament and characteristics, uttered no other sound. His companion hurried to him in the roadway, and Whisky feebly raised a paw in greeting and then collapsed.

He was hurried to the Mess in a taxi, but, although everything possible was done for him, and although there was no outward sign of injury, it is possible that he was hurt internally or that the shock of the blow was too great for a dog of his age to withstand, for he died while still unconscious, to the very great grief of all those who knew and loved him.

Faithful and Wise

The report goes on to say that during the war Whisky did wonderful service, for his sagacity was unrivalled, his fidelity unswerving, and his intelligence almost uncanny. He was entitled to two wound stripes, and used to wear them on befitting occasions.

He was buried on the cricket ground wrapped in the Union Jack, and a brass plate over his grave will record his story.

Once only did Whisky over-play his part a little. That was when he appeared on the stage. "Why, it's Whisky," whispered a lady in a stage box. But he heard her, and, strolling across the stage, put both his feet on the ledge of the box, and extended a paw in greeting.

NAPOLEON

French, Italian, or Greek?
A CURIOUS POINT

Although most of us look upon Napoleon as a Frenchman, we know he was born in Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, which has been a possession of France since 1768, but is inhabited by an Italian race.

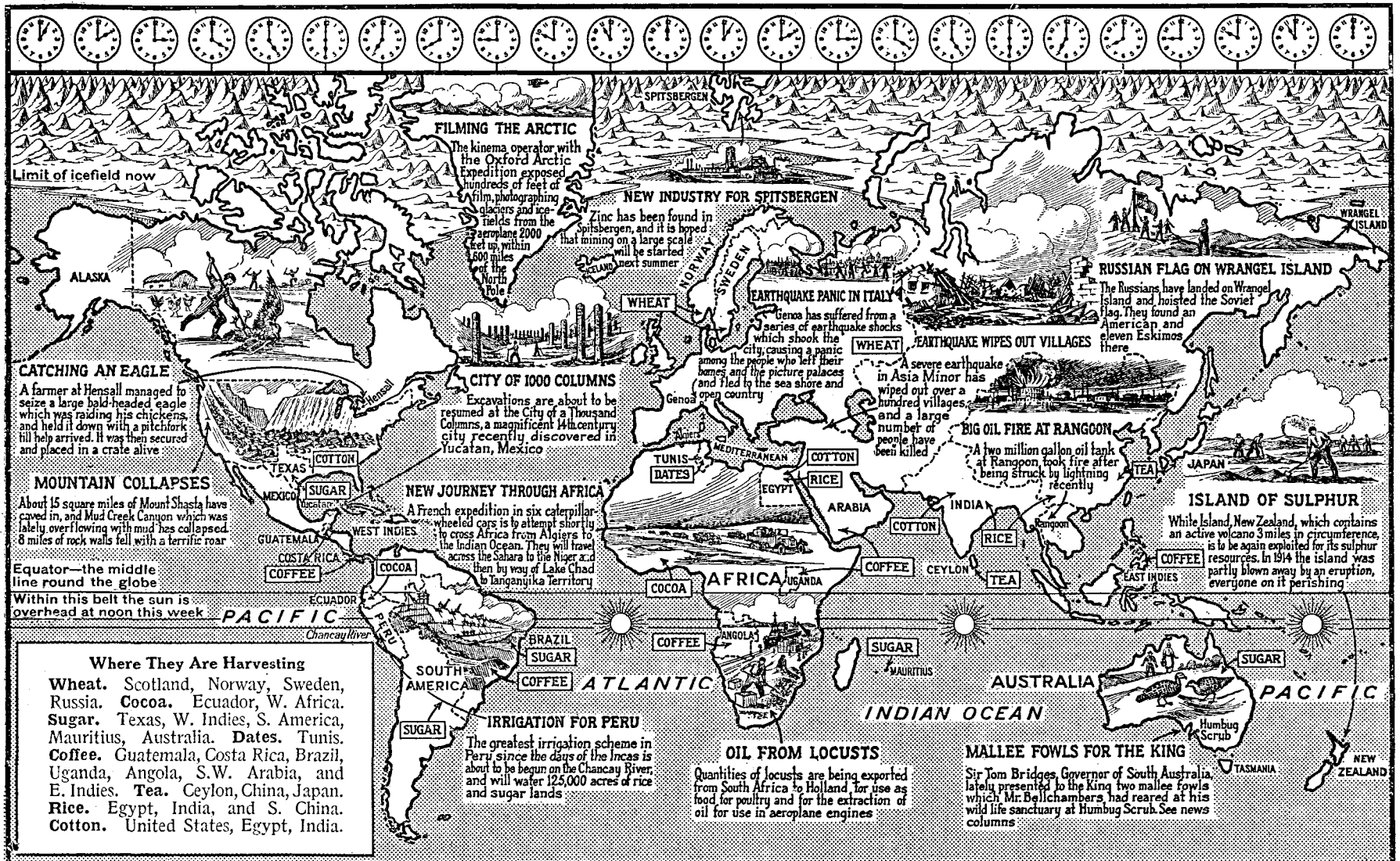
Napoleon himself was proud of his Italian origin. Even though his enemies always referred to him as the Corsican Tyrant, he never pretended to be French. Now it is suggested that he was not Italian after all, but Greek.

The news comes through an Athenian journal, in which there has been appearing the memoirs of a very interesting lady, Madame Aspasia Kalemere, who died in 1863 at the age of 93. Madame Kalemere was a well-known literary figure, and in her memoirs she speaks of her grandfather, Agesilaos Kalemeres, who was a pirate carrying on business between the Greek coast and the Gulf of Lyons. He often told her that when he had earned enough money by robbery at sea to retire, he would take his grand-daughter to settle in Corsica, "with my nephew, Charles Bonaparte."

Now Charles Bonaparte was the father of Napoleon, and belonged to a family which had been settled in Corsica for 800 years. The words "bona-parte" (good-part) translated into Greek would become "kalemeros."

It is curious; we do not know if it is true.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



FOR REAL PEACE International Gathering

The only sound and permanent basis of international peace is a mutual understanding among the peoples themselves. There has just been held in London the fourth annual International Congress for Peace, which has this aim.

Representatives from 18 countries assembled to the number of 200, and met an equal number of representatives of British movements for peace. Both France and Germany were well represented, and as the aim was not merely to say pretty things to each other but to discuss frankly the difficulties in the way of international goodwill the meeting must surely have done much good.

As M. Marc Sangnier, the French leader, said, links should be created by such meetings which neither Governments nor diplomats can ever break.

Resolutions were adopted demanding, among other things, that a moral transformation should be furthered by a pacific education in all countries, in which children should be taught world history with their own country's history as merely part of it.

Particularly interesting was the proposal for a League of Nations flag and an international anthem which should play their part in an annual peace festival.

SEEING FOR THEMSELVES British Labour Leaders Go to Moscow

With the idea of finding out the real state of affairs in Russia, the General Council of the British Trades Union Congress, a body representing all the working men and women of Great Britain, is sending eight of its leaders to Moscow to examine social and political conditions.

The delegates are to spend six weeks in Russia, and it is to be hoped they will be allowed to go and come as they please.

A RACE WITH DEATH Exciting Journey at Sea

The steamship Rama left New Zealand on a journey recently little realising how dramatic that journey was to be.

She was bound for Chatham Islands, a little volcanic group lying nearly 400 miles due east, with a population of 200 whites, a few hundred natives, 65,000 sheep, and 1000 cattle. But the Rama had not gone more than half way when one of the passengers became dangerously ill.

There was no doctor on board, but there was a doctor in Chatham Islands, and it was a question whether the ship could reach him in time or whether Death would win the race.

The urgent call for extra steam brought a ready response from the passengers, who took turns as extra stokers. Instead of her usual nine knots, the Rama did fourteen, and reached port in time for a doctor to come aboard and operate. The passenger's life was saved.

A MUSHROOM SHOW Four Hundred Sorts

Thousands of visitors have lately been to see what was probably the first mushroom show ever held.

It was the idea of a learned body of Czecho-Slovakian professors who call themselves the Prague Mykological Society, which is only another way of saying mushroom club. But in view of the importance of edible mushrooms as food, and the danger of poisoning from those which are not eatable, it is no wonder that the Ministries of Agriculture and Education gave their support to the enterprise. Tourists, school children, Boy Scouts, members of women's domestic unions, turned up in thousands to see what was to be seen.

There were 400 species of mushroom on show, all labelled, with the distinguishing marks of the poisonous ones plainly shown. Here and there enthusiastic lecturers gave demonstrations, and answered questions.

THE FIVE BELLS A New Life For an Old Tavern

Miss Ithel MacDonald, the Prime Minister's daughter, has opened an old East End tavern as a club where the working people of Bow may enjoy themselves respectably and in comfort.

The tavern is the old Five Bells, well known as a coaching-inn 80 years ago, when Bromley-by-Bow was not the crowded neighbourhood it is today.

No alcohol is sold in the new tavern, but there is good food and drink to be had at cheap prices, and music and games, for the Rev. A. G. Adams, pastor of the Baptist Church, at Berger Hall, who bought the house, believes in the gospel of cheerfulness.

Within five minutes' walk of the Five Bells are no less than 30 public-houses, not one of them as bright and pleasant as this teetotal inn which Mr. Adams and his wife have thrown open to all comers.

VOYAGE OF A BOTTLE An Atlantic Journey

A Brixham fishing smack has picked up a sealed bottle containing a postcard showing that it had been put into the sea by the United States Fisheries Board, but where or when this was done remains a mystery.

Anyhow, the bottle has evidently crossed the Atlantic, and it was evidently intent on making the English Channel, for it was picked up twenty miles south-east of Start Point, south of Devonshire, and 85 miles north of Finisterre.

The postcard, which was quite dry and in perfect preservation, contained a request that it should be returned to the States with an exact statement as to the time and place at which it was found, and a promise of a reward.

The finder has done as requested, and will no doubt get the reward in due course—25 cents, or one shilling! What he desires more is to know the other end of the story—the time and place of the bottle's launching.

CAUGHT! A Doctor's Neat Idea MIRACULOUS CURE OF A FRACTURED SKULL

There is a man who is either very fond of the comfort of hospital beds or greatly enjoys the stupid game of hoaxing nurses and doctors.

From all over the country the story is repeated of a man found by a policeman lying in the road with blood about his nose, ears, and scalp, taken to the local hospital and remaining there, first "unconscious" and then in a "dazed" condition, and supposed to have a fractured skull or concussion of the brain.

This odd fellow's method seems to have been to punch his own nose till it bled, to smear the blood over his face, and then to lie down in a policeman's beat.

Once his cure was more than usually rapid. The sites of two of his "accidents" were rather near together, and he was taken twice to the same hospital. The doctor recognised him on the second visit, and, suspecting something, he did a clever thing. Putting a screen round the bed, he told the nurse in an audible voice that there would have to be a grave operation. A moment afterwards he found that his patient had made a miraculous recovery. In fact, he was sitting up in bed, quite well!

Now that the story has got into the papers it is to be hoped this senseless game is up. Our hospitals are much too busy and too precious to be played with.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Alicante	Ah-le-kahn-tay
Grindelwald	Grin-de!-vahlit
Holbein	Hol-byen
Lichen	Ly-ken
Perpignan	Pair-peen-yon

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 11

1924

Something to be Proud Of

THE British nation is sometimes charged, by those who envy it, with having more than enough pride in itself.

However that may be, it certainly can count up more people within its borders who seem to find a joy in abusing it than would be tolerated in any other land. We have a generous freedom for those who are for ever finding fault with the country they are living in. Elsewhere they would be shown the door.

If our country has some features that deserve to shine as lights for the whole world, it cannot be wrong to let them shine. One of these features is British justice.

It is quite possible, of course, that here, as in other countries, justice may not prevail. Judges may be partial, unawares. Juries may be stupidly susceptible to the one-sided appeals of clever lawyers. It happens often. Justice may be long postponed by "the law's delay." But there is no room for any doubt that the intention of British justice is to be inflexibly right, without fear or favour or evasion.

A very remarkable illustration of this has lately been much talked about. Thirteen judges met in the High Court of Justice to consider, according to British law, the conditions under which a man who once was regarded as an habitual criminal might escape from that serious imputation, and they laid down a rule that defines the way of escape.

But it was not enough to make the law clear. A number of men were detained in prison as habitual criminals to prevent further crime. What of them? They were told of the judges' decision, and were advised to appeal and test their cases afresh. Seven of the men who did so were released.

Here was justice not so much sought as actually carried to those who had been grave offenders against the law. The law must be regarded as a sacred right for all—for the known criminal as well as for innocent people.

That is the spirit of even justice which British law recommends to all the world, making no distinction between man and man. It is an ideal that will live in the future of mankind possibly after the glories of Britain's wealth and might have passed away. It is the kind of thing that made a famous Austrian statesman declare, during the international discussions that took place towards the close of the war: "If ever I am born again into this world I should like to be born into the British nation, even if I am born black."



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Homesick Race

THE other night a man who had been round the world was plied with questions by envious stay-at-home friends.

He told them of islands lying like jewels on the blue sea, islands where there were no trains, offices, or factories, nothing but peace and loveliness.

On every such island there was a white man, and if he were English the man was eaten up with home-sickness. The Dutch traders and colonists, on the other hand, seemed perfectly contented. They were nearly all stout men who wore pyjamas at unusual hours and slept through the afternoon. They had homes and families where they worked. But for the Englishman there was no home save in England. Orchids and hibiscus, bird of paradise and parrot, palm and vine, only mocked his desire for buttercups, thrushes, and apple-trees.

At this the stay-at-homes grew thoughtful.

Oats—Petrol—Oats

IN Lancashire, where fortunes are often made and lost in two generations, there is a proverb which runs *Clogs—Carriages—Clogs*. That sums up a family history.

It looks as if the world of transport may soon be saying *Oats—Petrol—Oats*, for farmers and municipal authorities are said to be going back to horses.

Not only is the horse tax-free, but he lives longer than an engine, costs less to run, hardly ever needs repairs, and is more suitable for journeys which involve frequent stops.

Busy men struggling through the streams of slow horse traffic in the City will be sorry to hear it, but poets and country folk will be glad that the fussy steam plough has given place to one of the most beautiful sights in the world, a ploughman and his team moving slowly over a hill followed by the birds.

During the war Thomas Hardy wrote a poem about an old man and a horse he had seen harrowing a field in the autumn dusk. These things will endure, he cried, though dynasties pass. He is justified today.

A Prayer by Jeremy Taylor

Give to me a meek and gentle spirit, that I may be slow to anger. Give me a wise and constant heart.

Let me ever be courteous and easy to be entreated; let me not fall into a peevish spirit, but follow peace with all; offering forgiveness, inviting them by courtesies, ready to confess my errors, apt to make amends, desirous to be reconciled.

Let no sickness or cross accident, no employment or weariness, make me ungente or unthankful, or uneasy to them that minister to me; but in all things make me patient and steadfast, like unto Thyself.

Wanted, Another Planet

IT is wonderful to remember the sort of stuff that may be in the minds of the men who are supposed to rule us. A man who has been a Prime Minister somewhere in the world was heard to say the other day that East and West can never live as one people.

The only alternative seems to be that one of them must find another planet to inhabit. Perhaps this pessimistic ex-Prime Minister will lay them a railway to Mars.

Tip-Cat

ENGLISHMEN are naturally frigid. No doubt through having friezes in their houses.

THE Birmingham Town Crier says he does not complain of the weather. Thinks it is nothing to cry about.

WE are assured there will be no revolution in England for many a long year. And fortunately we never have a short one.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If all composers
are sound workers

that the Exhibition should make a splash?

Boys take after their mothers. If they are polite.

MOST of us, according to a fashion writer, have forgotten how to use a muff. But we could soon get our hand in again.

A LECTURER asks: Are we better than we were? Yes, thank you.

SIGHT is man's most important sense. That is why travellers always go to see the sights.

Shortsighted

By Peter Puck

"WHY did the moon beam?" the young man asked his aunt.

She reflected upon it with dignity, and said she did not know.

"Because," said he, "the clouds broke."

The old lady reflected again, and declared emphatically that she could not see the joke.

"You can't see it?" he cried.

"Why, it's so plain I should have thought you couldn't help seeing it!"

"I'm sorry, my dear, but I can't," the old lady placidly assured him. "Unfortunately, I've come out without my glasses."

I Mean To Be There

By Our Country Girl

O I mean to be there
When the tide's at the flood,
When there's strength in my arm
And there's youth in my blood;
O I mean to be there
When the ship's at the quay,
When Life has a berth
And adventures for me.

WHEN the tide's at the ebb,
When the vessel has sailed,
When sinews are withered,
When courage has failed,
When chances are lost—
It will then be too late
To mope on the quay
And to grumble at Fate.

So I mean to be there
(I'll be ready each day)
When the ship steals to port
As the evening turns grey;
In the gold of next dawn
Will her sails be unfurled,
With a new hand on board
For the work of the world.

A Landscape in the East End

A reader, enthusiastic about a morning walk in the East End, sends us this note.

VICTORIA PARK in the East End of London is the last place where one would expect to see an English landscape.

At all times, particularly in the quietness of early morning, the long stretches of green please and refresh the eye, but there is usually visible some trace of busy factories and wharves to prevent any delusion as to one's whereabouts. The other morning supplied a rare exception and an exquisite picture.

Autumn Tints

A heavy rain squall had left a filmy mist which, fringing the middle distance, veiled all evidence of the busy world around and enclosed only an expanse of grass bordered here and there by clumps of stately trees. Our genial autumn sun, striking through swollen bright-edged clouds, revealed the glorious tints of green and brown in the grass as it stretched away to the trees which stood with their noble heads bathed in the golden sunshine.

The hazy mist gave an appearance of distance; there was no sound; and some sheep grazing on the grass completed a delightful reproduction of a smiling Essex landscape which, seen but once, lives ever in the memory as a source of joy and pride.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

A Thought from John Ruskin

Every year some new love of lovely things, and some new forgetfulness of the teasing things, and some higher pride in the praising things, and some sweeter peace from the hurrying things, and some closer fence from the worrying things; and longer stay of time when you are happy and lighter flight of days that are unkind.

PLAN TO END ALL WAR

THE GREAT IDEA AT GENEVA

New League Proposals for Running the World Peacefully ARBITRATION FOR EVERY QUARREL

A plan has been put before the Assembly of the League of Nations which means, if successful, nothing less than the ending of all war.

The nations are asked to promise never to go to war again except when actually attacked, or when acting on behalf of the League to prevent aggression by another State.

Instead, they are to promise to submit their disputes to arbitration by machinery which the League provides.

Disputes are divided into two groups, covering legal and political cases.

Different Kinds of Disputes

Legal disputes may be about the interpretation of a treaty, a question of international law, or a question of fact which only a court of law can satisfactorily decide. Disputes on all matters of this kind must be submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice, and its decision is to be final.

But there are other disputes purely political, and these must be laid before the Council of the League. If it cannot find a way out acceptable to the parties it must appoint a court to settle them, any incidental point of law being decided by the Hague Court and put into the court's award.

Any country which refuses to submit its quarrel to arbitration, or to accept the decision, or which commits an act of war in face of the Council's prohibition, will be proclaimed an aggressor by the Council; and then it will be the duty of the other members of the League to act together "to secure respect for the Covenant of the League and to resist any act of aggression."

Finding Who is the Aggressor

Nations may make agreements beforehand as to what they will do to prevent some other nation's aggression. Some have already made such agreements, and there is no way of stopping them from doing so. But if they accept the new plan they cannot take a step in fulfilment of those agreements till the League Council proclaims the aggressor; and they must accept the help of all other members of the League in "resisting the aggression."

What makes this new plan so much better than the old one, called the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, which Britain and a number of other countries refused to accept, is that it lays down rules for deciding who is the aggressor in an act of war.

The new plan makes any act of war wrong (except in resistance of invasion) in a quarrel which has not been submitted to arbitration, or in which the arbitration decision has not been obeyed. It will not take four minutes to find the aggressor by that rule.

Trying to Abolish War

The other great improvement on the old idea is that the League Council does not take command of the armies resisting aggression. Each member decides for itself what help it can best give, and makes its own arrangements for cooperating with other countries in the work. So there will be no lending the British Navy to the League to do what it likes with it.

The League Covenant tried to delay war. People were not to go to war till three months after arbitration had been completed. Delay was considered the vital thing. Under the new plan they are not to go to war at all. The magistrate and the policeman are to have the same authority in international affairs as they have at home.

WHO WANTS JAN MAYEN LAND?

THREE nations are disputing, though not very vigorously, as to which of them owns Jan Mayen Land.

There has never been much competition for the ownership of this small volcanic island, which lies far out of the beaten track, up in the Arctic Sea between Iceland and Spitsbergen. It is 35 miles long, and consists mostly of glaciers and frozen waterfalls, but in summer its eastern and northern coasts are the scene of extensive whaling and sealing expeditions.

Before the war a number of Austrians were engaged in this trade, and they put up a few buildings, some of which they presented to the Danish Government.

These, no doubt, are still the property of Denmark, but meanwhile a Norwegian named Cristoffer Ruud acquired the island by purchase. He desired his own country to take it over, but Norway was not willing to find money for it. So Ruud decided to sell it, and found an American in Christiania ready to buy it.

Now the American would like to see the Stars and Stripes floating over Jan Mayen Land. But he cannot hope for this, because the Norwegian from whom he bought it never annexed it legally in the name of Norway, and so cannot convey it to anyone else.

The result is that Jan Mayen has no right to any flag at all.

THE OLD BANK AND THE NEW BANK



Sir John Soane's fine building in Threadneedle Street



The new building which will be the Bank for the next year or two

The historic building of the Bank of England in Threadneedle Street is to be enlarged by having several storeys added to it. Here we see the Bank as it is and the temporary building in Finsbury Circus which will be the Bank for the next year or two. See page 2

THE MEN ON THE ROOF OF THE ABBEY

A GROUP of workmen were busy on the roof of Westminster Abbey, setting about re-leading certain parts which were in need of repair. The buzz of life went on around them; no one knew of their presence except the birds who live in the great jungle of London roofs.

Then came a day when the men were talking to each other about an unheard-of thing—War. The greatest war in the world's history came, and the lead men on the roof thought their way through the tangle of its issues as best they might.

Months passed, and the Abbey workmen were called up. They covered their unfinished leads with rolls of felt, looked round at the familiar scene, said, "Back in five minutes," and off they went.

Years passed. Marching and processions, bugles and fifes, crowds of people in tears of grief and of pride, lorry-loads of cheerful, suffering men in blue wended by that historic corner of the capital. War ended; the first troubled seasons of peace passed. Money was scarce, and big repairs were out of the question.

The other day a man was on the Abbey roof looking round. "I say," he said, "what's this?"

He was staring at the rolls of felt that covered the unfinished work of ten years ago. They had been forgotten by all except the birds.

The man turned away with a queer feeling that he had surely looked upon the strangest war memorial in the world.

THE FIRST STONE BUILDING

SOMETHING OLDER THAN THE GREEKS

Discoveries at the Little Step Pyramid of Sakkara

THE STONES LYING ABOUT

By one of those miraculous accidents which sometimes befriend the men who dig up the world to find the earliest traces of man's history, Mr. Firth has found in Egypt the fragments of which the first known house in stone was made, discovering them in such a position that he hopes to be able to put them together again in the form in which they left their first builder's hands.

They have been unearthed near the oldest pyramid in Egypt, which was built of five great steps of limestone, one on top of the other, at Sakkara, near Memphis, a camel ride from Cairo.

Pillaging the Tombs

The Step Pyramid was raised by King Zeser, perhaps 6000 years ago, before the age of the Memphite Pharaohs who raised the greater Pyramids at Gizeh. Sakkara has therefore always had a great interest for the excavators, but it has been for thousands of years of even greater interest to Egyptians, who have pillaged its ancient buildings and tombs for stone with which to build others more suited to their own convenience.

Yet amid all this excavating and pillaging a number of stones which are priceless to history have remained undisturbed through the ages. They are the remains of two chapels close to Zeser's Step Pyramid, and were perhaps the tombs of his queens or the princes of his family.

These buildings, with their worked blocks of white limestone, are twice as old as Stonehenge, which was built about 1000 B.C., but they indicate a far higher level of culture.

The Little Chamber in the Pyramid

In these chapels are fragments of fluted columns. The fluted columns of Greece are 2500 years later in architecture! The courtyards of the chapels back on to the Step Pyramid, and a narrow winding passage leads from the place where the middle columns stood to a very small sacrificial chamber cut into the pyramid itself. But if ever there was some strange religious relic by the altars of sacrifice it has gone, vanished for ever.

Yet something remains. It is not merely a piece of extraordinary good fortune that any portion of these 6000-year-old chapels should be left standing, but that the stones which have survived the risks of ages should be lying on the ground in such a position that it is hoped the fronts of the chapels may be rightly reconstructed. Though much stone has been pillaged from Sakkara, it is believed that the stones belonging to the ruined fronts are still lying there.

Foolish People of Then and Now

It is amusing to find that even in the simple primitive days of Early Egypt ignorant sightseers who went to the chapels after they had become ancient monuments, let us say in 1500 B.C., cut their undistinguished names on the stones, sometimes adding their foolish opinions of the buildings. It was not an example to be followed.

There are far too many stupid people still doing that kind of thing. Yet after 3500 years even this kind of folly may become interesting to future discoverers. It is curious to think that people whose brains do not bring them any distinction may become important or interesting after thousands of years because they scratched their names on something that was greater than anything they could do themselves.

SEA SWALLOWING THE FARMS

DISAPPEARANCE OF 13 VILLAGES

What is to be Done About the Crumbling of the Coast?

LOCAL AND NATIONAL PROBLEM

Thirteen villages and parishes have disappeared in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and about 160 square miles of good farm land has been seriously affected by the inroads of the sea.

It is a startling piece of news, and the grown-up papers have made little of it; but the announcement was gravely made at a conference of local authorities from coastal towns some weeks ago. The conference met in London to consider what should be done to defend the coast against the sea, and to ask the Government to bear part of the burden.

Blackpool is said to have spent nearly a million pounds in protecting her shores, and Lowestoft nearly £300,000. As Lowestoft has borrowed nearly as much for this purpose as the law allows her to borrow, the matter is serious enough to call for attention.

An Old Question

It is an old question whether the Government should take up, on behalf of the whole country, this defence against the conquering power of the sea, or whether it should be left to the places on the coast. The question has an interest all round the coast, for in innumerable places England is being washed away, while in other places she is being increased by soil laid down by the restless waters.

Neither of these processes is an advantage in many places. Where the coast is broken down, and valuable land is incessantly nibbled away, or sometimes swallowed in vast mouthfuls by heavy storms, there is serious loss to individuals and to parishes. Also where the sea leaves what it has stolen it sometimes silts up villages and towns and they cease to be on the shore, and so lose the traffic of the sea.

The Fight with the Sea

Who should try to prevent these changes? Now the fight with the sea is left to the inhabitants of the place that is being attacked, and the expense of resistance is too great for small populations to bear. So the sea has its own way. Large towns, with many people living on a narrow front, can afford resistance and win the battle. But would it not be better to make the contest with the sea a national duty?

Just before the war a Bill had been prepared to bring this question into Parliament. It was proposed to form a Central Sea Defence Authority to maintain the fight with the wearing power of the sea by supervising what was done by local authorities; but the Bill did not acknowledge that the nation, as a whole, should take full responsibility for defending the lands on the fringe of the sea.

Parish Loses an Acre a Year

A movement has of late been afoot in many seaside places for rousing the Government to activity, for the encroachments of the sea are in parts becoming serious. Especially is this so in Sussex. Near Eastbourne the sea gains in some places two yards every year, though Beachy Head stands firm. One parish loses steadily an acre a year. The sea rolls where villages and churches once stood, and villages and churches that were once well inland are now on the coast and threatened.

A forest lies drowned under the Wash and under the low Lincolnshire coast, and the church in which St. Wilfrid

FAMOUS CITY ATTACKED

Trouble at Mecca

ARAB KING HUSSEIN AND AN ANCIENT ENEMY

Who are the Wahabis who have suddenly appeared before Mecca to contest the possession of the Mohammedan holy places with the King of the Hejaz?

They have been called the Puritans of the Mohammedan world. They are opposed to the use of alcohol, tobacco, and even coffee, and to the wearing of silk, and they believe that anyone who can read is as fit to interpret the teachings of Mohammed as the priests of the orthodox sects.

They believe, too, that pilgrimages are a form of idolatry, and it is to be supposed that if they got possession of the holy places pilgrimages there would be stopped. They did get hold of them for a time more than a hundred years ago, and they are alleged to have desecrated the tomb of Mohammed at Medina to show their contempt for idolatry!

Undefined Frontiers

It may be supposed that when Hussein, the King of the Hejaz, made himself Caliph, in succession to the Sultan of Turkey, the anger of the Wahabis was aroused, for their chief Ibn Saud, the Sultan of Nejd, is the King's ancient enemy.

The Hejaz is the strip of coast land along the western side of Arabia, containing both Mecca and Medina. Nejd is in the desert behind, and the frontiers between them are undefined. But the Wahabis are accustomed to range at large over Central Arabia, and both King Hussein's sons, for whom the British Government has found thrones, have been harassed by them—King Feisal, of Mesopotamia, a year or two ago, and the Emir Abdullah, of Transjordan, only a few weeks ago.

What the King Forgot

Both sons, as their kingdoms are under British protection, received British aid in repelling the Wahabis. But King Hussein, now that the Turks have gone, is an independent sovereign and must look after himself.

King Hussein probably forgot Sultan Saud when he refused the British invitation to a conference to settle Arabian boundaries—a refusal very embarrassing to this country, which has commitments in Arab lands not at all popular here. A successful conference might or might not have saved him from the Wahabis, but it would at least have put him in the right in his defence against them.

Continued from the previous column

preached to the Saxons on Selsey Bill is under the waters. In the time of Shakespeare its walls could be seen at low tide. There are records of men being excommunicated by a bishop for poaching where the fishes now live.

Similar changes are occurring on the east coast and elsewhere. Their pace depends on the suitability of the soil for resistance, but even where there are sturdily defensive rocks the sea wins. For instance, in rocky Jersey there is a Martello tower built in the time of Napoleon to repel an expected attack, but now, after less than 120 years, it is nearly two miles out at sea. In Jersey, however, tides are very strong, and the wearing down of the land is proportionately rapid.

A Central Sea Defence Authority would at least be able to give sound advice as to how the sea can best be resisted, but the feeling of the recent conference was against a national body, and in favour of national assistance being given to local bodies.

NEWS FROM A DRAPER'S CATALOGUE

Two Hundred Thousand Stars

AND WHAT THEY ARE MADE OF

As recently as the middle of last century scientists were in complete ignorance of the constitution of any of the thousands of stars which their eyes and their telescopes revealed to them.

No such state of things exists now, for a magnificent catalogue giving the spectra of 225,300 celestial objects has just been completed at the Harvard College Observatory.

The spectrum of a star is like the character of a human being, and most of the modern work on stars is based on a study of their spectra.

Work on this great catalogue was begun by Miss Cannon in 1911, and 15,000 photographs of the heavens have been required in the making of it. The cost, which is about £50,000, has been borne by Mrs. Henry Draper, and the work will be known by her name.

Astronomers all the world over will be grateful to those who have successfully completed this heavy task.

KING BUYS A THEATRE

For One Night Only

King Rama of Siam has given pleasure to the European merchants of Singapore by a compliment he is paying to their Amateur Dramatic Society.

He bought the State Theatre for the night of September 27, when the Society performed the English comedy, Dandy Dick, translated into Siamese on the inspiration of the King himself, who was visiting the island for a few days.

King Rama is one of the most enlightened monarchs who have ever ruled in the East. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and is now, at 45, one of the most accomplished Shakespearean scholars in the world. His command of English is perfect, and he is a great admirer of our institutions.

In his own country he has done much, since he ascended the throne a few years ago, to promote trade and extend good relations with other Governments.

Naturally, Siam is still very much an Eastern country, but King Rama and his father have brought to it many of the best institutions of Europe. One very good system is that every man in the country, with very few exceptions, must give some form of free labour to the State for three months in every year.

NYASSALAND BOYS

The Only English Thing They See

"We have two copies of the C.N. each week for the reading room at Blantyre," said Mr. E. D. Bowman, head of the Church of Scotland's famous Training Institute at Blantyre, in Nyassaland, to a C.N. representative who met him on his return from Africa a few weeks ago. "It is the only thing in the English language there except a local paper. Our boys say it is just what they want, for it shows them that the world is really one."

Blantyre is famous as one of the places first visited in Central Africa by David Livingstone. Today the boys from its school are known throughout East and South Africa. They can go to the school as small children, and can remain till 18 or 19, when they can be trained as teachers if they wish. Most of them go into the Government service after they leave, both in Nyassaland and in Rhodesia.

The missionaries introduced coffee cultivation many years ago, and so successful was the enterprise that the white settlers also took it up, and it is now a flourishing industry. Tea was also introduced from India some years ago, and is now widely grown.

WONDERFUL BIRDS FOR THE KING

MALLEE FOWL FROM HUMBUG SCRUB

Story of the Old Mound-Builders of Australia

THE EGG IN THE SAND

Our good friend Mr. Bellchambers, from his sanctuary at Humbug Scrub, outside Adelaide, has sent to the King a pair of young and tame mallee fowls, the famous mound-building birds which are among the most remarkable natural inhabitants of Australia.

The C.N. monthly described the experiences of Mr. Bellchambers with these birds some time ago, and extraordinarily fascinating are the stories Mr. Bellchambers tells us of the mallee fowl, a native pheasant in the mallee scrub known to all the old explorers of Australia.

Probing a Bird's Secret

Many a weary vigil has he spent concealed in the mallee, watching this wonderful bird and fathoming its secret ways. It takes six months to build a nest, the male bird excavating a hole from six to nine feet wide and from two to three feet deep. He then fills it with leaves and other decayed material, leaving it open to the action of the wind, sun, and rain, turning the contents over and over until it forms a hot-bed.

The female then lays her eggs, placing them in tiers on their small ends, for if they were placed sideways the chick would meet the hard walls of the egg-chamber, and perish. Once the eggs are laid, the male bird covers them with a blanket of sand, mixed with decayed leaves and twigs so as to allow for the passage of air.

Burrowing Through the Sand

The chick takes from twelve to nineteen hours in its journey up from the egg-chamber through the sand to the light of day, and invariably reaches the surface in the cool morning hours. The period of incubation varies from eight to fourteen weeks, and the young chick is born with the immediate power of flight.

Marvellous mystery of Nature! In the Adelaide Museum is a group of these wonderful birds, arranged with cunning skill by our old friend from Humbug Scrub. His fame as a collector and a naturalist has spread beyond Australia since he was introduced to the world at large in My Magazine, and agents for film companies have sought him out at the Sanctuary. But our friend worries very little about the outside world; the charm of the solitude of his dear bushland and the life of his furred and feathered friends fill his sleeping and waking thoughts. *Pictures on page 3*

NORWAY'S 900 YEARS

A Proud Anniversary

The Norwegian Government has been celebrating the 900th anniversary of Norway's conversion to Christianity.

The ceremony, which took place in the presence of the king and all the bishops, was held at a little church at Moster, near the ancient city of Bergen, Norway's old capital.

The church at Moster is said to have been built by King Olaf in 995. At that time Christianity was spreading all over Europe, but the Vikings still held to their heathen gods. Finally, however, King Olaf imposed Christianity on the people in 1024, and forbade the sacrifices and other heathen practices which had been the custom of the fierce rovers of the sea. In a few years heathenism in Norway disappeared.

THOUSANDS FLYING PLANES THAT CROSS EUROPE

The Long Routes that are Now
in Regular Use

PASSENGERS AND MAILS

What a straight road the air is! There are holes in it, of course, and very awkward holes, too. Pilots know them as air pockets, and dread them. And adverse winds and thick clouds make obstacles not to be despised.

But still, how free of up-and-down, of twist-and-turn, is this open road of the skies. And, when we consider the progress that has been made in air travel since the war, it seems that it cannot be long before we shall all be riding in the clouds to foreign parts.

That is perhaps unlikely. Many of us still think that the ground and the sea are safer than the air, though the statistics of street, road, and ocean fatalities contradict this impression. And though it is possible today to travel regularly between most of the European capitals, the number of travellers is not large.

A Record Month

In July of this year it was a record. At least 4000 people took journeys by air on the various European routes. And when this is compared with the figure of 500 for last December, it will be easily understood that July is the best flying month of the year.

Taking the 12 months from August 1923 to August 1924, it may be estimated that 15,000 people went flying in Europe—twice the number that flew the year before; but perhaps only half the number that will fly next year. The longest routes regularly used, though with passengers only in rare cases, cover the following places:

Paris, Strassburg, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Constantinople.
Marseilles, Perpignan, Barcelona, Alicante, Oran, Casablanca.
Koenigsberg, Smolensk, Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod.

All these are much more than a thousand miles, and have immeasurably improved the service of mails.

Boon to Business Men

But apart from the mail services, which the French companies have so much improved for Morocco and the Near East, the efficient passenger services maintained from London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Cologne, and Berlin to various centres, have become a great boon to the ordinary man and woman of business. The flying time from Paris to London is as low as 135 minutes, and never more than 165, for a distance of 250 miles, which takes at least eight hours by boat and train.

From London to Berlin, with rests at Amsterdam and Hanover, takes only eight hours by air as against nearly a day by train. From Paris to Amsterdam is a flight of just over four hours; from Berlin to Danzig under four; from Hamburg to Copenhagen just over two hours; from Rotterdam to Brussels one hour, and from Brussels to Basle four hours and a quarter. What a picture of speed and convenience for our grandfathers to have foreseen!

Luxury in the Clouds

Naturally, it is on the most frequented routes that the comfort is greatest. The Handley Page machines which run between London and Paris will take 12 passengers as well as the pilot and mechanic, and are fitted up with great luxury; and so are the D.H.34 biplanes flying between London and Berlin.

The Fokker monoplanes used by the Dutch-German lines are very comfortable; and even the little Spad biplane, which flies all the way from Paris to Bucharest, is not to be despised.

EAST AND WEST How Direction Affects a Ship's Weight

AN INTERESTING CALCULATION

A great deal of attention has been given by scientists, since Einstein propounded his theory of relativity, to the differences in weight and displacement of a ship steaming eastward with the Earth and a vessel travelling westward in an opposite direction to that of the Earth, on account of the action of centrifugal force.

Some figures recently worked out show that this difference is a very real one. An 1100-ton ship travelling westward at 25 knots would have 262.8 pounds added to her weight, while the same ship speeding eastward would lose 480.6 pounds of her weight.

It is explained that a vessel running at 25 knots has a speed of 42 feet per second, and, as the speed of the Earth at the equator is 1560 feet a second, it is clear that in steaming westward, with the two speeds opposing one another, the true speed of the ship would be 1518 feet a second, while on an eastward course it would be 1602 feet.

The centrifugal force exerted on a vessel of the size referred to, travelling at 25 knots, is 8410 pounds on a westward course and 9366 pounds on an eastward journey, showing a difference of 956 pounds between the two directions.

WHERE IS JARABUB? And Who Shall Have It?

Italy is again busy teaching us the geography of Africa. A little while ago we had to learn all about Jubaland because Italy wanted Britain to give her some of it. Now she wants Sollum and Jarabub from Egypt.

This time, as on the other occasion, the claim arises out of a secret agreement made by the Allies with Italy to induce her to enter the Great War on their side. In this agreement Italy was promised enlargements of her African dominions.

It was in fulfilment of this promise that we gave her Jubaland. Neither Sollum nor Jarabub appears to have been mentioned in the agreement, however, and the difficulty with regard to them is that they are hardly ours to give. They are on the frontier between Italian Tripoli and Egypt. Sollum is on the Mediterranean and Jarabub some 150 miles south of it in the Libyan Desert. The district is inhabited by the warlike Senussi tribes, nominal Egyptian subjects whom the Egyptians have very little chance of controlling one way or the other without British help.

Egypt has been granted independence, and for that reason, presumably, Italy is making her demand from Egypt and not from Britain, though Egypt did not sign the outside agreement.

ENGLAND BY THE SEA Disappearing Walks in Cornwall

The Footpaths Preservation Society is taking up the case of the footpaths along the Cornish cliffs, many of which are being enclosed by private owners.

In the old days the coastguardsmen were able to keep their patrol all round the coast, and where they went the public for the most part could follow. But now that they patrol no longer the paths are falling into disrepair, and builders of bungalows are enclosing them in their gardens.

Unfortunately, in the present state of the law, it is not enough, in order to keep them open, to show that visitors or others have used them for pleasure. If the villagers use them for a short cut, or the fishermen to patrol on the watch for pilchard shoals, then they can be maintained, but their value to lovers of beauty is not enough to satisfy the law.

Some day a law will be passed giving the coast line of England to the people "for ever." May it be soon!

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

On What Do Shrimps Feed?

Both shrimps and prawns feed on carrion, and are therefore scavengers in the water.

When Does the Harvest Moon Occur?

The harvest moon is the full moon which occurs nearest to the autumnal equinox, which is September 23.

Is David Copperfield the Life Story of Charles Dickens?

More or less. As a whole it is not an autobiography, but much of it, especially the early part, is autobiographical.

What Does Fidac Mean?

Fidac, or F.I.D.A.C., is made up of the initials of Fédération Inter-Alliée des Anciens Combattants, meaning the Inter-Allied Federation of Ex-Fighting men.

What Causes Sneezing?

When anything irritates the nose a message is sent to the brain, and the brain sends back a message to the muscles of the nose to breathe out violently, or sneeze, so as to get rid of the irritant.

How Long Will Britain's Coal Supplies Last?

The total existing supplies at workable depths are estimated at something over 150,000 million tons, and the longest period these will last is reckoned at six or seven hundred years.

Do Flies Grow or are They Born Full Size?

Flies, like butterflies and other insects that pass through the larva and pupa stage, do not grow in the imago, or perfect winged state. They feed and grow as larvae, change into pupae, and then emerge as perfect insects, not growing any more.

What is a Lichen?

A lichen is a curious kind of plant composed of the elements of two different kinds of plants, a fungus and an alga. The body of the lichen is made up of fungus threads, in the meshes of which the algae are enclosed.

Which is the Highest Church Spire in England?

A writer points out that St. Michael's, Coventry, is now reckoned as a cathedral, so that St. Walburga's Roman Catholic Church, Preston, whose steeple is said to be 393 feet high, is probably the church with the highest steeple.

What is the Origin of the Name Salop for Shropshire?

The old spelling of Shrewsbury was Scrobbsbury, meaning the burgh, or castle, among the shrubs. The nearest the Normans could come in pronunciation to Scrobbsbury was Salopesbury. Then bury was dropped and Salop became the name.

What is the Fourth Dimension?

In mathematical speculation the fourth dimension is a supposed property of matter that should be to solids as solids are to planes. A line has one dimension, length; a surface two, length and breadth; a solid three, length, breadth, and thickness; and a fourth dimensional body would have these three and one other, the nature of which is the subject of speculation.

How Does the Horse Lift Its Feet When in Motion?

If the horse begins its walk by raising its near fore foot the order in which the feet are lifted is as follows: 1, left fore foot; 2, right hind foot; 3, right fore foot; 4, left hind foot. In trotting the legs move in pairs diagonally. In most quadrupeds the legs move diagonally, but there are exceptions. In the giraffe, for instance, the legs of opposite sides move together and alternately.

What Does Eight Bells Mean in Nautical Language?

The time during which the watch remains on deck is four hours, except in the dog watches, the two reliefs between 4 and 8 p.m., each of which contains only two hours. The first watch is 8 p.m. till midnight; middle watch, midnight till 4 a.m.; morning watch, 4 till 8 a.m. A bell is struck every half-hour as many times as half-hours have passed since the beginning of the watch, so that eight bells is the end of a watch.

What is Marsh Gas and How Can it be Prepared?

It is a gas known to scientists as methane, and is composed of carbon and hydrogen. It is given off in coal mines and in marshy districts. The idea that the so-called will-o'-the-wisp was burning marsh gas is not now accepted by science. Marsh gas can be prepared in a laboratory by heating a mixture of soda-lime and sodium acetate, when methane is given off and can be collected over water. It is very inflammable, and that is why it is dangerous in mines.

ALDEBARAN DISAPPEARS

HOW TO SEE THE MOON HIDE IT

Proof that Earth's Satellite Has
Very Little Atmosphere

AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Aldebaran, the rosy star in the Bull's Eye, will, on Thursday, October 16, be occulted by the Moon.

The disappearance of the star takes place at 7.37 p.m., behind the bright edge of the Moon at the upper part of the left or east side, as shown in the picture.

But as the Moon will only have risen 16 minutes, and will therefore be very close to the horizon when the disappearance takes place, the observer will need a clear and uninterrupted view down to the horizon.

Glasses will certainly be needed, for though Aldebaran is a bright first-magnitude star, it will appear very faint



The occultation of Aldebaran

when near the radiant Moon, particularly at such a low altitude.

It is the re-appearance that will provide the interesting spectacle. This occurs in London and the surrounding south-eastern counties at 8.22 p.m., and a trifle earlier towards the south-west of England, so that in Devonshire it occurs about 8.21 p.m. In mid-England it will reappear from two to three minutes later than London, and in Scotland from five to seven minutes later.

As the Moon will be past the full and 18 days old, as they say, she will appear gibbous, as indicated in the picture, and Aldebaran will reappear from behind the dark, unlit edge of our satellite.

This will be an impressive sight seen through a telescope or even through field-glasses, because Aldebaran will be seen suddenly to come into existence out of nowhere, owing to the fact that the Moon's unlit edge will be quite invisible.

This sudden reappearance of a star from behind the Moon and the precise punctuality of the event, even to a second of time, constitutes conclusive evidence that our satellite does not possess an appreciable atmosphere, approaching our own. If it did the consequent refraction would cause Aldebaran to reappear sooner, while the atmosphere's density would produce a gradual re-appearance of the star.

Why the Star is Early

Some observations have indicated a star's reappearance a second or two before the absolutely correct instant calculated. It is true that such instances can be otherwise explained—by lunar irradiation, for instance, or the frequent unsteadiness of our own atmosphere. But even supposing the star's premature appearance by this small amount of time to be evidence of an atmosphere, it would only indicate one two thousand times less density than the Earth's.

The late Professor Pickering's researches, among other evidences, indicated that such an atmosphere does exist, at least on parts of the Moon's surface. It is indeed just possible that the discrepancies may be accounted for by taking into account whether the star reappears from behind high lunar mountains or a crater; or from behind the end of a valley or edge of a plain. If from a plain, the star's premature reappearance might be due optically to the depression at the Moon's edge; or to a very attenuated atmosphere, only appreciable in depressions on the lunar surface. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus is in the east; in the evening Jupiter in the south-west; Mars and Uranus in the south.

THE MUD PUPS

An Exciting Story of
a School by the Sea

Told by T. C. Bridges
the C. N. Storyteller

What Has Happened Before

Mr. Russell Arnold, a schoolmaster, inherits Salthorpe School. He and his sister Bess meet Jack Seagrave, a boy employed by Farmer Soper, whose land adjoins Salthorpe.

Mr. Jarvis, the assistant master, advises Mr. Arnold to raise money for the school by selling 200 acres of land to Soper, but Mr. Arnold makes an enemy of the farmer.

Jack Seagrave suggests that the school should farm the land, and Mr. Arnold makes him a pupil at Salthorpe. Jarvis proposes to Soper that the boy should be got rid of by Soper's brother, the owner of a trawler.

Jack is playing cricket when a boy named Jenner hits him with the ball. Jack's friend Darcy knocks Jenner down, and is attacked by Mr. Jarvis.

CHAPTER 19

Bess's Threat

JACK was unable to interfere; the other boys were afraid too; and it seemed quite likely that Jarvis in his blind rage would damage Darcy seriously, when all of a sudden a small figure in short skirts came racing across the turf, and Bess fairly flung herself on Jarvis.

"Stop, Mr. Jarvis! Stop!" she cried, at the top of her voice. "Can't you see how you're hurting him?"

So far as strength was concerned Bess, of course, counted for nothing. It was her voice that somehow reached Jarvis's brain, and suddenly he dropped Darcy, who fell limply to the ground, and turned and stared vaguely at Bess.

His cheeks were dull red, and his eyes were oddly glazed.

"Oh, it was cruel of you!" cried Bess, as she flung herself on her knees beside Darcy. "Gerald, are you much hurt?" she asked anxiously.

Gerald Darcy opened his eyes. "I—I'm all right, Bess," he said thickly. "Look after Jack, will you."

Bess glanced at Jack, but by this time he was sitting up. He looked very white but was recovering. Bess fixed her eyes on Jarvis.

"If I hadn't come you would have killed Gerald," she stated quietly.

The boys who stood round were quite breathless. As for Jarvis, he went crimson to his very ears.

"Nonsense, Bess!" he stammered. "Darcy was extremely impertinent, and I gave him no more than he deserved. But it is all over now, and we will say no more about it."

"I daresay you won't," said Bess flatly, then bent over Darcy and paid no more attention to the master.

As for Jarvis, he stood a moment biting his lip and looking extremely uncomfortable. Then he spoke to the boys.

"The game is over for the evening," he said curtly, and walked away in the direction of the school.

Darcy pulled himself together.

"It's all right, Bess," he declared. "I was just giddy for a bit, but it's going off now." He chuckled. "Jarvis lost his wool properly," he added. "It's true I did talk pretty straight to him, but he brought it on himself."

"What happened?" asked Bess. "How was Jack hurt?"

Darcy told her. Bess turned on Jenner.

"So it was your fault!" she exclaimed. "You're just a bully, Jenner."

Jenner muttered something under his breath and slouched away. He was afraid of Darcy.

Bess stood looking after him.

"He's a horrid boy," she declared, emphatically.

"He don't count for much unless Jarvis is there," said Darcy. "It's Jarvis who is doing all the damage."

"I know," Bess answered. "I must tell Russell."

"No," said Darcy quickly. "No sneaking, Bess, if you please. You leave things to Jack and me. We can handle Jarvis and Jenner."

Just then Jack came up.

"Darcy is right, Bess," he said. "Please don't say anything to Mr. Arnold. It will only worry him, and he has worries enough already."

Bess looked doubtful.

"But it is not right that a man like Mr. Jarvis should be master here. He's got a dreadful temper, and he is hurting the school."

Darcy nodded.

"True for you, Bess; but don't worry. If we give him rope enough he'll hang himself. It's much better to wait till your brother gets on to it, himself. Jarvis won't last out the term. I'm pretty sure of that."

"Very well," said Bess. "I won't say anything this time. But if he does anything of the sort again I shall go straight to Russell. And now I must go in."

CHAPTER 20

Jack Disappears

TWO days later, about four in the afternoon Gerald Darcy lay flat on the top of the sea-wall.

His straw hat was beside him, piled with lovely fresh mushrooms which he had been gathering in the marsh. But for the moment he had forgotten the mushrooms and was gazing at a small vessel which lay at anchor just off the mouth of a small creek to the south.

She was nothing much, just a rusty-looking old steam trawler with her name *Cormorant* in dingy letters on her bow; but it was unusual to see any craft lie so near shore, besides, all ships interested Darcy. He had an elder brother Ralph, in the Navy, who commanded one of the small gunboats of the fishery patrol, and more than once Darcy had had some glorious days aboard her.

As he watched, Darcy saw two men climb into the *Cormorant's* dinghy and pull ashore.

"Rum place to go ashore!" said Darcy to himself. Then his face cleared. "Why, they're going to call on Soper," he remarked, with a grin. "After fresh vegetables, I suppose. And Soper hates visitors. I'd better go and give 'em a hint."

Leaving his hat, Darcy dropped down the sea-wall on the inner side and started off. But he had a good way to go, and before he reached the creek the boat was already at Soper's landing. But what surprised Darcy was that Soper himself was standing on the little wharf, chatting quite amiably with one of his visitors.

Darcy did not want Soper to see him, so he dropped behind a tall bunch of sea holly and waited. The visitor was dressed in ordinary fisherman's kit and Darcy saw that he was of much the same build as the farmer, only not quite so fat. All the same, he was a great bull of a man.

Presently he turned to go and Darcy saw his face.

"Well, I'm jiggered," he remarked. "The fellow's the dead spit of old Soper."

As the trawler-man got into his dinghy Soper said something in a voice just loud enough for Darcy to hear.

"This evening?" he said. "Yes, this evening. Not later than six."

The boat pulled away, Soper went back to the house, and Darcy returned along the sea-wall to pick up his mushrooms, which he took straight back to the school. There he hunted up Bess and handed over his spoil.

"For you and the boss," he said.

Bess was delighted.

"They'll make a splendid breakfast," she said, "and Russell is so fond of them. But I wish there were enough for the whole school."

"Don't worry about that," smiled Darcy. "We're feeding like fighting-cocks. All that new milk and fresh butter and eggs. I tell you, it's a bit of a change from the grub before you came. I'm getting fatter every day, and I'm jolly sure that once the news gets round, you'll have chaps simply begging on their knees to come here."

Bess flushed with pleasure.

"I'm so glad you like it," she answered. "And now we have another idea. We are going to get our own pigs and cure our own bacon and ham, and we mean to grow all our fruit and vegetables. My brother has just started some of the boys digging in the old garden."

"That will be top-hole," declared Darcy. "Where's Jack, Bess?"

"Cleaning out the cow-stalls. He is going to teach me to milk."

Just then five began to strike, and the tea-bell rang. Mr. Arnold had changed the school hours, and the boys had tea at five, then played games, helped about the place, and had a light supper at half-past seven before going to bed at eight.

Jack came to tea rather late, and Darcy had not a chance to talk to him. Jack hurried through his tea and went off to fetch in the cows which were grazing down in the sea-marsh.

Darcy took his time, then went out with some of the others to help in the garden, which had been dreadfully neglected, and was full of weeds. But six pairs of willing hands were making short work of the docks and groundsel and bindweed, and already a big space was clear and ready for digging.

Darcy had been hard at it for half an hour or so when Bess turned up.

"Gerald," she said, "Jack has not come back with the cows. I'm afraid they have wandered. Would you mind going to help him?"

"Rather not; I'll go at once!" said Darcy, and ran off. But when he got down to the marsh, there were the cows grazing under the sea-wall but not a sign of Jack.

CHAPTER 21

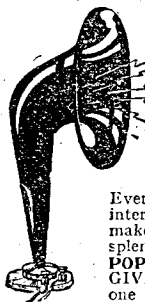
Darcy Takes Steps

DARCY gazed quickly round.

"This is rum!" he remarked to himself. "Jack must have gone over the sea-wall for something." He walked sharply towards the wall, and just as he reached the bottom of it saw something lying in the grass. He stooped and picked it up.

"Jack's stick!" he said, as he examined the old ash-plant. "What made him leave it here, I wonder?"

He climbed the wall, which was



Three
Booklets
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Every boy and girl who is interested in wireless should make certain of the three splendid booklets which POPULAR WIRELESS is GIVING AWAY—the first one in this week's issue, out on Friday, October 10. The next two books will be given with the following two issues. These are the titles in the order they will be given away:

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about twenty feet high, and gazed down on the other side.

The tide had been ebbing for about two hours, and below the wall was a strip of mud and emerald-green sea-grass shining under the afternoon sun. But there was not a soul in sight. The only signs of life were the gulls and sanderlings.

Darcy stared out to sea, but no boat was visible. The only craft in sight was the trawler which he had seen nearly three hours earlier, and which was now churning her way slowly out to sea.

Darcy was conscious of a sudden sense of discomfort, almost of fear. For the life of him he could not imagine what had happened to Jack. There was no place where he could be hiding, even if he had wanted to hide. Suddenly there flashed through his mind the recollection of what he had seen when he was picking mushrooms, and the words that Soper had used: "This evening, not later than six."

Darcy drew a quick breath.

"Six—the very time Jack always comes for the cows. 'I've got it,' he said in a tone of absolute certainty. 'Soper has bribed that beggar in the trawler to collar Jack and take him away.'"

He glanced at the *Cormorant*, realised that she was beyond recall, turned, and ran full pelt back for the school.

As he tore in at the gate he almost ran into Jarvis.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Jarvis, harshly. "Where have you been, Darcy?"

"On an errand for the Head, sir," replied Darcy.

Jarvis looked at him queerly.

"Well, get back to your work," he said in a sour tone, and Darcy hurried round into the yard.

"Where's the boss?" he asked of the first boy he met.

"Gone out," was the answer. "I saw him and Bess strolling off about twenty minutes ago."

"Where have they gone?"

"Ask me another. I didn't watch. Why, what's the matter with you?" as Darcy bit off an angry exclamation.

Darcy did not wait to explain. He was already running towards the shed where the boys kept their bicycles, where he stopped a moment to scribble a note in pencil. He was just getting his machine out when he saw Jarvis coming in his direction, and he was forced to dodge back and hide.

Jarvis loitered about, watching the boys at work on the new pigsty, while Darcy almost danced with impatience. At last the junior master passed on, and as soon as ever he was out of sight Darcy wheeled his machine out, slipped round to the back of the buildings, gave the note to Endacott, then went through a side gate and springing into the saddle, pedalled off like fury.

Mr. Arnold and Bess, who had been to a neighbouring farm to inquire about some pigs, got in just before half-past seven, and Mr. Arnold went into the dining-room where the boys were just sitting down. He glanced round, and at once noticed that the number was two short.

"Who is not in yet?" he asked.

"Seagrave and Darcy, sir," volunteered Jenner.

"Where are they?" asked the master.

At that moment Jarvis came into the room.

"Seagrave has not been back since he went for the cows, Mr. Arnold. And the cows are still in the marsh and have not been brought up or milked."

Mr. Arnold's face turned suddenly grave.

"What have you done about it, Mr. Jarvis?" he asked quickly.

"I have been hunting about, but I can find no trace of the boy," replied Jarvis, equally gravely. "I came back to report to you, and ask what had better be done. Of Darcy I know nothing except that I saw him less than an hour ago."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Gramophone

JERRY hated the people next door because their gramophone always played the same tune. It was Rule Britannia, and somebody must have been very fond of it for it was the first tune Jerry heard in the morning and the last he heard at night. And he was so tired of it.

As the dividing wall of the houses was very thin you could hear every note—even the nasty hitch in the last line where the record was damaged. Jerry knew exactly when the hitch came and couldn't help listening for it.

"Time somebody gave them a new record," he grumbled as he went off to school one morning.

He told Bates Minor about it at school, and Bates Minor suggested that Jerry should write a note about it.

And all the way home that day Jerry was turning over in his mind what he could say.

He was thinking so hard that he didn't notice where he was going till he suddenly found himself in a strange street.

It was really very annoying as it was getting quite late, and, besides being very dark, a nasty yellow fog had appeared from nowhere, making it impossible to see very far ahead.

As he wandered about the fog seemed to be getting thicker every minute.

Everything was strangely quiet. Jerry heard a car crawling slowly in the distance with the horn being blown all the time, but he couldn't see anything.

After ten minutes' walking Jerry had to own that he was completely lost. He stood under a street lamp and waited, hoping somebody would come along and tell him where he was.

It seemed ages since he had left school and he was very tired and cold. Once or twice he tried to go on, but outside the tiny glimmer of the lamp it was like a wall of darkness, and he soon darted back to the comfort of the light. Time went on and still nobody came that way. There seemed every prospect of his having to stay there all night.

He was huddled up against the lamp-post with his courage almost at its last ebb when faintly stealing through the gloom came a familiar air. He started to his feet, hardly able to believe his ears—it was Rule Britannia!

If only it were the hated record in the house next door! Jerry waited breathlessly, straining his ears. It was very faint, but the street was so quiet he could hear every note. Now it had got to the last line, "Britons never, never shall—" and there, oh praise be, was the hitch that had annoyed him so many times. It was the gramophone next door, and he had been standing practically outside his own door!

He groped in the direction of the music, found a gate, fumbled up some steps, and was in his own home. And as he sat down to his supper he kissed his hand to the unknown person next door who was so fond of Rule Britannia.



The Winds of Autumn Stir the Golden Woods



DI MERRYMAN

"WHY do you bring this to me?" shouted a busy editor, handing back a manuscript to the poet.

"Because," sighed the poet, "I hadn't got the price of a postage stamp."

WHY is an adjective like a baby? Because it cannot stand alone.

What Am I?

SINCE time began my age I date,
Yet still retain my youthful state;
And if I live till all things moulder
I never shall be one day older.
I'm that which none can ever see;
Or what now is shall ever be;
I always rise with every morn,
And yet must die before I'm born;
As long as time remains the same,
So long shall I retain my name;
And though my life is but a span,
Yet time must die before I can;
Assured I cannot live for ever,
'Tis clear that time and I must sever;
To find me out this clue I'll give—
If time were dead I could not live.

Solution next week

Evidence

MOTHER: "Jean, every time you are a naughty girl you give me a grey hair."

Jean: "Well, Mother, what a bad girl you must have been! Look at Grannie's hair!"

WHEN is a bill like a pistol?

When it is presented and discharged.

Do You Live at Cardiff?

THIS name is usually said to mean the fort on the River Taff. But later researches have shown that its meaning is the fort of Didius, the general of the Romans who fought the Silures, the British tribe of this region, in A.D. 50. We now know that Cardiff was a Roman fort.

Unlimited

THEY talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in Earth or Heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
There's not a featherweight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

A Curious Word

WHAT English word in common use will describe a person or thing as not to be found in any place, and yet, with no other alteration than a separation of the syllables, will correctly describe him as being present at this moment?
Nowhere, now here.

WHAT is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

Physical Drill



SNIP: "This caterpillar is a splendid chap for exercises."
Snap: "What can he do?"
Snip: "Touch the ground without bending his knees, and keep on doing it all day long!"

Two Athletes

A BUSINESS man entered the vestibule of an hotel and placed his umbrella in the stand, but before going upstairs he tied to the umbrella a card on which he had written:

"N.B.—This umbrella belongs to a champion heavy-weight boxer. Back in ten minutes."

In about twenty minutes he returned, but the umbrella was gone. The card, however, was still there, and on it someone had written:

"P.S.—Umbrella taken by a champion long-distance runner. Won't be back at all."

WHY is the letter A like honey-suckle?

Because there is a B after it.

Word Changing

MY whole 'tis said, was first designed

To give instruction to the mind;
Sometimes 'tis deemed a curse;
Curtail, transpose, and then appears
What oft the careless schoolboy hears,
Foretelling something worse.

Transpose again without my head—
By me the morning task is said;
Or 'tis of no avail
To plead excuse, or want of time,
For I must suffer for the crime,
Bereft of head and tail.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Is It? U, you, yew, Hugh, hew

Do You Know Me? Robin Redbreast

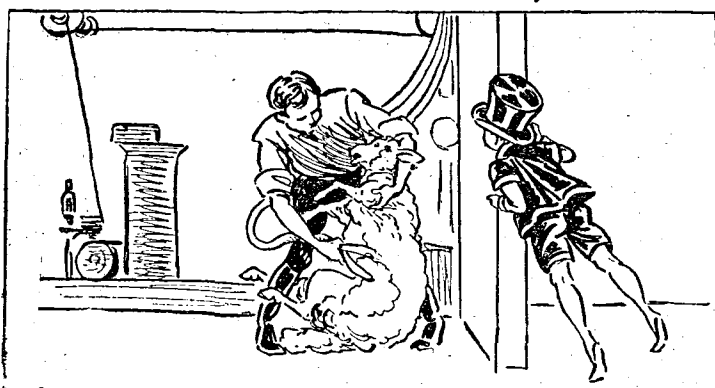
What Did He Mean?

Jones replied as he did because he thought Brown said "House your dog."

Who Was He?

The Friend of Children was Edmund Burke.

Peter Puck Goes to Wembley



Peter Puck wonders whether sheep object to being fleeced as much as human beings do

Jacko Waters the Garden

JACKO made himself a regular nuisance one day. He had nothing to do, so he worried everybody till they were all heartily sick of the sight of him.

He certainly had good intentions, for he started by asking his mother if he could help her. And Mrs. Jacko gave him some apples to peel.

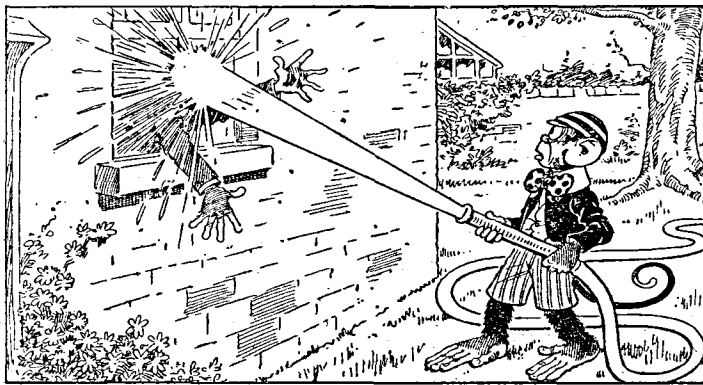
"I want to make a pudding," she said, "and it will be a great help if all the apples are ready."

But the apples were very far from ready by the time she wanted them. Jacko had eaten the lot!

Mrs. Jacko was very angry. She sent Jacko out of the kitchen, and then he was at a loose end again.

He played ball with the baby, but in five minutes he was tired of that. Then he got out his cornet and practised the same tune till Mr. Jacko couldn't stand it any longer, and ordered him to be quiet. The only one he kept clear of was Adolphus. "I'll be made to clean his bicycle if I go near him," he said, grinning.

After a bit he wandered into the garden. But there wasn't much he could do out there. The dog had got a bone, and



The water shot through the window

growled when Jacko wanted to play with him. And when, as a last resource, he thought of doing some gardening, he couldn't find anything that wanted doing.

He started to pull up a weed or two, but Mr. Jacko soon put a stop to that. He popped his head out of the window and told Jacko to leave the flower-beds alone.

"You're pulling up all my carnations!" he said, angrily.

Jacko slunk off, feeling very small. It really seemed as if he couldn't help *anybody* that morning. But suddenly he had a bright idea. "I'll do some watering," he said.

The garden didn't really want watering at all—it was the first fine day they had had for weeks! But Jacko didn't bother about that. Out came the hose in double-quick time.

Mr. Jacko popped his head out of the window again, and sank back in his chair with a sigh of relief when he saw what Jacko was up to.

"Something to keep him quiet at last!" he said. "He can't do any harm with the hose."

But he spoke too soon, for Jacko soon got tired of watering and a stream of water suddenly shot through the open window—all over Mr. Jacko! Jacko couldn't help laughing.

But Mr. Jacko didn't think it at all funny. "It's no laughing matter!" he roared, flourishing the cane. And it wasn't!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Pussy to the Rescue

We were asking the other day if any C.N. readers had seen a fight between two animals stopped by a third. Here is a case from Derbyshire.

One day, a year or two ago, I heard a fierce dog fight, and, looking out of the window, saw two dogs in desperate conflict.

One of them belonged to the people next door. He was a big Irish terrier, but very old, not fit to fight, and he was getting much the worst of it from a young, strange dog. Suddenly, swift as a lightning flash, with a spit and a scream, a cat leapt at the combatants, and they parted instantly.

When I had time to look at Pussy I found that she also belonged to our next-door neighbour. Seeing her old companion in such desperate trouble, she had leapt to his assistance and saved him.

Minette à la rescousse

Nous demandions l'autre jour si quelque lecteur du C.N. avait jamais vu un combat entre deux animaux arrêté par un troisième. Voici une réponse venant du Derbyshire.

Un jour, il y a un ou deux ans, j'entendis un violent combat de chiens, et, en regardant par la fenêtre, je vis deux chiens qui se battaient avec une extrême féroce.

L'un d'eux appartenait à des voisins. C'était un terrier irlandais, grand, mais très vieux, guère en état de se battre, et il avait le dessous dans sa lutte avec un jeune chien que je ne connaissais pas. Tout à coup, avec la rapidité de l'éclair, félassant et jetant un cri perçant, un chat se jeta sur les combattants, qui se séparèrent aussitôt.

Lorsque j'eus le temps de regarder Minette, je découvris qu'elle aussi appartenait à notre voisin. Voyant son vieux compagnon en détresse, elle avait couru à son secours et l'avait sauvé.

Tales Before Bedtime

Peter Rings Up

IT all happened on the day of Peter's birthday party. The iced birthday cake had not come, and Peter ran to the telephone to ask the shop people about it.

He found the name, Bailey, in the telephone book, all by himself, and he told them his name, and said: "Please send along at once; we can't have tea till you come."

"We will send in half an hour," said the voice on the telephone. "Will that be soon enough?"

"Oh, yes!" said Peter; then went upstairs to put on a clean suit.

His little friends arrived, and they had a beautiful game; but Peter could not help thinking about the cake.

"Tea!" announced Alice, the maid; and Peter led the way into the dining-room.

The tea-table looked very nice, with its cakes and flowers, but no sugar cake was on the table. Peter looked at his mother, and she came and whispered to him.

"Never mind," she said. "We'll have another party some other day, and then we can have the cake."

"But they told me it was coming," said Peter.

Just at that moment Alice came into the dining-room and said the sweep had come to see what was wrong with the dining-room chimney, as he had received a telephone message that they couldn't have tea until he came.

"Sweep?" said Mrs. Brown, looking bewildered. "I haven't ordered the sweep!"

"I told him that, ma'am, but he said he received a message about three-quarters



"Please send along at once"

of an hour ago. He says he's from Bailey's, the chimney sweepers in the High Street."

Mrs. Brown began to laugh.

"Why, Peter," she said, "you rang up the wrong Bailey. You must have got the wrong number. Tell the sweep, Alice, I'm so sorry he's been troubled."

Just then Cook appeared with a big cake in her hands.

"The cake has come from Bailey's, Master Peter," she said, smiling. "They spoiled the icing on the first one, and had to ice you another."

So Peter did have his cake, after all.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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GIRL FARMERS OF PALESTINE · THE KNIGHT AT CRICKET · BADGER AS A PET



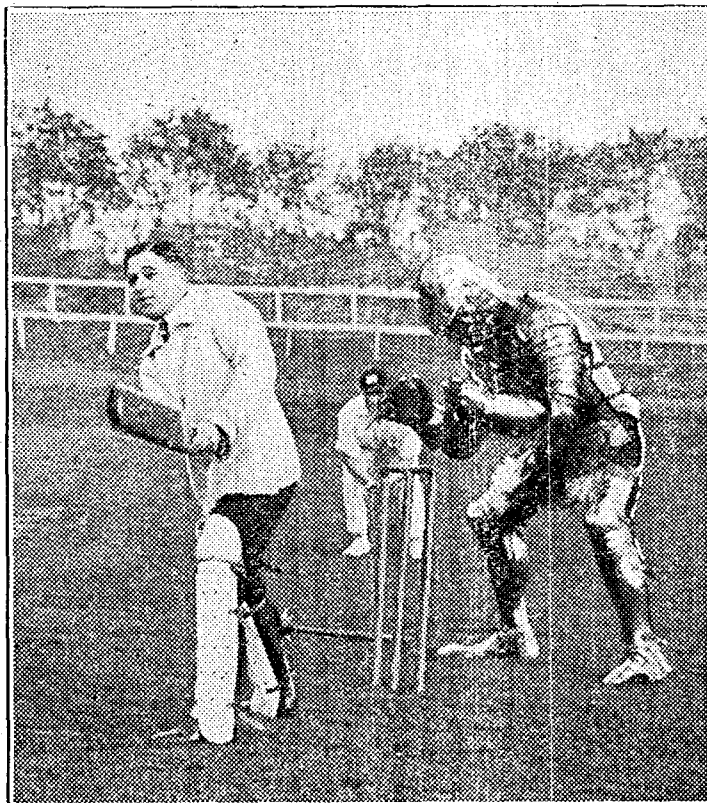
Palestine Girls Learn Farming—Girls of the Zionist School in Jerusalem learning farming. Owing to the short winter in Palestine several crops can be gathered from the same ground, so that agriculture should pay well. The Zionists are trying to encourage agriculture



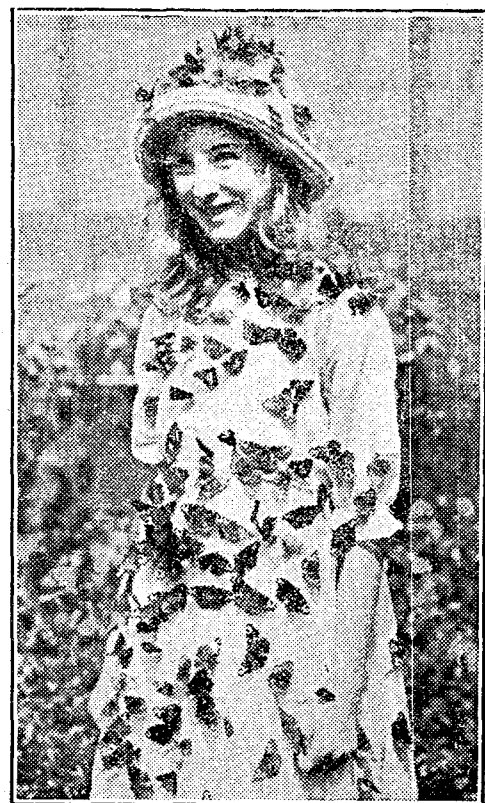
Off For a Ride—The owners of motor-cars and side-cars in Scarborough recently arranged to take 250 poor children for a ride, and this picture shows some of the happy little motorists with their goggles on ready to start. It was a great treat and they thoroughly enjoyed it



The Baby Has His Dinner—A badger cub caught at Knaresborough being brought up on the bottle by its owner. It is always ready for its meals



The Armoured Knight at Cricket—At a cricket match played recently at the Alexandra Palace, London, in aid of the Passmore Edwards Hospital, one of the players, a well-known actor, took his place on the field dressed in armour



The Butterfly Girl—This photograph was taken at the London Zoo in the house where the butterflies are kept. The insects are always attracted by white



Gathering Up the Fallen Leaves—The leaves are falling fast everywhere just now, a sure sign that autumn is passing into winter. In the parks the leaves make such a litter that men go round collecting them from the ground, as shown here. They form an excellent manure



On the Great Grindelwald Glacier—A party of British tourists staying at Murren making an excursion to the Grindelwald Glacier. The tourists are roped together for mutual protection in the case of one or more falling into a crevasse—a danger common in the Alps

THE BEST SHILLINGSWORTH ON THE BOOKSTALLS IS THE C.N. MONTHLY—MY MAGAZINE

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